HUMAN

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 55. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 20TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

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Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

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.....

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The Rev. Mr. DANIELS. Please send me a 4/- box of tablets. I am taking the sample Mrs. D. wrote for, and it is doing me good.

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£2,000 IN CASH PRIZES FOR BRAINS.

This grand Competition is entirely FREE TO ENTER, and every reader of this paper can enter for it. Just for a few minutes of clever brain work you may share in the large Cash Prizes we are offering. The pieces above have to be cut out and formed into a circle. You will have to puzzle your brains for a while, but keep at it until you succeed in forming the circle, and when you have done so paste or gum the pieces on a sheet of paper and write your name and address underneath. We shall give £200 in cash to those who form the circle correctly, and if more than one correct solution is received we shall divide the money *pro rata*. Send in your solution at once, as even if you do not get all the pieces correct we offer another prize of £50 to be divided *pro rata* amongst those who place not less than 4 pieces correctly. As we have already stated, this competition is FREE TO ENTER, and there is only one simple condition with which you have to comply, and which need cost you, necessarily, not one single penny piece. With your solution enclose a stamped addressed envelope for result, &c., and at the same time we shall also tell you about other cash prizes valued at about £1,750.

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. (31 Dept.),
94, Manor Park Road, LONDON, N.W.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 55. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 20TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

SEEKING PLEASURE.

"The heart distrusting asks if this be joy."
—GOLDSMITH.

Concerning the great and intense pleasures, we hall never find a consensus of opinion. There appears to be no standard in the matter, nd yet a philosophic observer may notice certain acts that will assist him in coming to a decision as which pleasures are real and which are only eceptive.

It is interesting to walk through the streets of ondon in a theatre district between half-past ten nd eleven o'clock at night, and to watch the men nd women who leave the various places of enter- ainment.

The majority of them come from the suburbs, nd a goodly number have journeyed in from the ountry. The entertainment has occupied their hole evening, and, in the case of country visitors, probably their whole afternoon as well. It has lso cost them a good deal of money in the matter of train fares and meals, apart from what they have had to pay to get into the show.

As you look at their faces, you observe that, far from showing any signs of the pleasure they have presumably experienced, they appear rather as if they had come from a sick chamber. There is less animation in their faces than in those of the overtime clerks who have just left their offices and are hurrying home to a late supper.

If you buttonhole the average theatre-goer immediately after the performance, and manage to persuade him to express his true feelings, he will admit that the play has only been fairly good, and that he has enjoyed himself just fairly well.

He has paid money and spent time in order to go through an experience which has not yielded him real pleasure, and yet he continues to go to the theatre because, as time affects his memory, he manages to forget the half-hours of boredom that he has spent there, and to recall only the few brief moments of sheer delight with which an otherwise dull entertainment has been interspersed.

I am not attempting to decry theatre-going. It is entirely a harmless pastime. All I say is that it is unsatisfying to the seeker of pleasure, besides being expensive.

Take, as a contrast, men who have been spending their evening in athletic exercise. They may have been at a gymnasium or they may have been indulging in a run over the dark roads of the country. They are walking together along the streets, chatting, and their faces show indisputable evidence of the good spirits that their exercise has brought to them.

In the matter of cost the two ways of pleasure-taking are not to be compared, for in the one case you are paying people to entertain you, while in the other you are entertaining yourself; but so far as lasting pleasure goes, not to speak of physical benefit, I imagine that exercise of a suitable kind and to the taste of the individual produces the most pleasurable and lasting sensations of all.

DAVID COOPER.

CHEEK.

There was a baby show held at Acton the other day. Out of ten awards for comeliness, health, and other fascinations, eight were won by boys. We make no comment.

* * *

From the evidence in the "Dr." Bodie case: "The defendant, among others, tacked on the letters Ph.D. and D.Sc. to his name. These, counsel pointed out, were not medical degrees." Perhaps not. But we can put a very reasonable interpretation upon the letters D.Sc.

* * *

We have authority to contradict the rumour that "Dr." Walford Bodie has been approached with a view to filling the following posts:

Weather expert to the "Daily Mail."
Testimonial writer to a well-known patent medicine firm.
Advertising manager to a large firm of outside stockbrokers.
Lord Advocate of Scotland.

* * *

A certain firm of ladies' outfitters advertises its patent "kid-fitting corsets." Rather rough on the kids.

* * *

"Deal in old furniture"—reads the headline to a paragraph in a daily. We prefer oak.

* * *

Speaking at Blackburn recently, Mr. George Barrett (whoever he may be) remarked that nothing was a novelty for more than ten minutes together. Evidently he is one of the wretched few who don't read THE MODERN MAN.

* * *

Indications are forthcoming that the scheme for a National Theatre is growing popular. Two little sisters have sent a joint contribution of five shillings towards the requisite half-million.

* * *

Mr. Keir Hardie had his gold watch stolen at Bermondsey. He is now describing the electors down there as "wretched creatures." We think, however, they are quite "taking" people.

* * *

At a matinée at the Alhambra in aid of the Balaclava heroes, a piece entitled "My Lady's Garter" was presented. It contained much that was attractive.

* * *

The hose-pipe is now being used to tame the tantrums of the Suffragettes in prison. This is throwing cold water on them with a vengeance.

* * *

Congratulations to the author and performers of that sparkling play, "The Little Damozel." The only criticism we have to offer, after acquaintance with the lady, is that the "o" is superfluous.

* * *

Mr. Max Pemberton promises £100 to the first solver of "The Mystery of the Green Heart"—the *Daily Mail* serial. Attempts to read the story convince us that some bribe was necessary.

E. MILLAR.

THE STRINGS OF SPORT.

AND A MAN WHO PULLED THEM.

Behind every sport there is somewhere—generally in a dark corner, unknown and unobserved—the man who pulls the strings. You get him in the big organisations connected with our national sports, but you find him also in the small country town, doing his work unobtrusively but efficiently.

It is this type of man who comes to a town a stranger and finds it sportless; he leaves it, or lives in it, a centre of sporting activity.

I live in a small town in Devonshire, where we rather pride ourselves on being up to date, because we manage to get the morning editions of the London "evening" papers about five o'clock in the afternoon.

We have a club in the place, alleged to be political, but really little more than a drinking shanty, and there we used to play billiards long after midnight, when, according to the rules, the club was supposed to shut.

We were dogs in our way. We followed the betting news, and did other things daring and dashing. You may therefore imagine our amusement when there arrived in the town an ugly little chap, who had a short leg and who wanted to stimulate what he called our sporting souls.

It appeared that he had been connected with various sporting and athletic clubs—cross-country clubs, quoits clubs, and he had even founded and managed for a time a lacrosse club.

There was something fascinating about him—perhaps it was because he seemed to appreciate so much the man he was speaking to; but, anyhow, in less than a month from the time of his arrival he had got a quoits ground set up at the back of the club-house, and many an evening we went out and played there instead of stopping inside at billiards.

That was only the beginning. It was he who showed us that there was something about the fresh air, even after dark, that was not equalled by the smoky atmosphere of the billiard-room, and, once he got a start, he did not rest contented till he had set up a harrier club which every one of us joined.

He couldn't run himself, but he was as keen as the fastest man among us.

After we had got up to the game, and were fairly proficient at it, he organised a special series of competitions, and set us to extracting donations from our friends towards prizes. No one was more zealous than he in this direction, and I think that the amount collected altogether was never surpassed by any sum set aside for the purposes of sport in our particular town.

He was the secretary and treasurer of the club, and the night before the great competition he decamped with all the proceeds.

But, all the same, we feel that we owe him some sort of gratitude, for it was he who aroused our interest in outdoor sport.

WALTER BARCHAM.

EVERYDAY METHODS OF SELF-DEFENCE.

HOW TO USE A STICK OR UMBRELLA WHEN ATTACKED.

There is a good deal to be said for ju-jitsu, but there are occasions when something in one's hand is better than any amount of tricks in one's head.

Not that it is necessary for a fellow to go about with a revolver or a life-preserver, or any other cumbersome and bulky article concealed on his person.

It is quite possible to make a very effective weapon of the humble and useful walking-stick.

It is a thousand pities that Englishmen don't learn how to turn their ordinary stick into a weapon of defence, and choose a serviceable one with a view to that end.

You can use an ordinary walking-stick just as you use a foil or a singlestick ; or you can grasp it in the middle as our ancestors did when they indulged in quarterstaff play, and if you are at all dexterous you can do a deal of execution in very little time.

And even if your opponent should happen to possess "barking irons"—well, if you are spry, and get your blow home first, you can disable him, and after a smart rap with a good cudgel his revolver won't be of much use to him, for his fingers for the time being will have lost their cunning with regard to the trigger.

But supposing that it is a wet night, and you have left your walking-stick at home and are carrying an umbrella.

It is, I know, a sorry sort of a weapon to pin one's faith to in a serious encounter. The fashionable gamp is made more for show than use.

But don't lose heart ; you have no idea how in expert hands an umbrella can hamper a rough. It can also be used with deadly effect on occasion, if it happens to have an extra sharp point.

Use the ferrule and jab—you can find "the mark" even with an umbrella.

Of course, the old country dame's device for frightening a cow—of opening her umbrella suddenly—won't avail with a human opponent bent on depriving you of your spare cash.

But grasped firmly in the middle you can bring it down with some considerable force on your assailant's person, though for myself I think it wiser to stick to the jabbing methods of offence.

If your umbrella has a large crook handle you can bring the hooligan down very easily by hooking it round his leg.

But, of course, it is more than probable that you are without a weapon of any sort, and that you have never troubled to learn the art of ju-jitsu, in which case you will have to rely on your fists.

But don't make the mistake of a certain scientific individual of my acquaintance, who supposed that the rough would conform to the Queensberry rules. He found out his error most thoroughly and painfully.

Remember the villain wants to lick you for the reason that he wants to rob you, not for the sport of the thing. So be on the look-out for a kick in your tenderest part, and don't be chivalrous.

If he kicks, kick too, and try and trip him, and then if you succeed sit on his head while you yell for assistance.

Now for a few hints on what to do if you are attacked by one of those low-down ruffians, and he carries a revolver and you are quite unarmed.

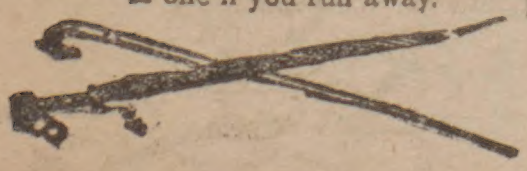
Don't waste any time. Go for him. Get to close grips.

Most people make the mistake of taking hold of the pistol arm and forcing it upwards, under the impression that they are diverting the aim—forgetting, or perhaps not aware, that an expert shot can turn his wrist and so aim low at equally vital spots.

Grab hold with both hands—one at the wrist and the other above the elbow point—and by exerting force you can put your assailant *hors de combat.*

It takes nerve and pluck, but you have a ten to one chance if you go for him, and only a hundred to one if you run away.

R. L. WALMISLEY.



STOCK TIES

And How to Tie Them.

The method of putting on a hunting stock, or what is often called an Ascot scarf, is a mystery to many, but a very little practice will be necessary if you start on the right lines.

For the sake of simplicity an ordinary scarf, such as may be worn with a collar, is shown in the accompanying illustrations. The method with a stock is precisely similar, for it is usually made in one piece and simply goes twice round the neck instead of once.

Figure 1.

The first sketch shows the tying of an ordinary knot such as forms the groundwork of a bow.

The second step is to pull it tight round the neck, and to bring the upper end downwards.

The third illustration shows this end doubled back. It is important, of course, to double it under and not over itself.

The fourth sketch shows the knot practically complete, the lower end having been brought up through the loop formed by the other.

All you have really done so far is to tie an ordinary double knot, but since you are using a broad tie instead of a piece of string, it is possible to keep the knot flat. This is one of the most important points to be observed, and it can only be achieved by not drawing the knot too tight, but bringing it exactly to the position shown in figure 4.

Figure 2.

The two ends which are at present pointing upwards, are now brought downwards and across each other, the whole being fastened by a pin, either of the straight or safety variety.

The pin should pass not only through the two ends of the tie, but through the centre part of the knot, so that the whole may be held in place.

The secret of getting a stock or scarf to sit well is to wear a high-cut waistcoat. At all events, the lower edges of the two ends must come well below the opening of the waistcoat.

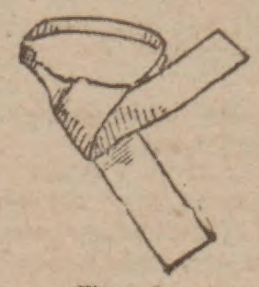


Figure 3.

The Ascot scarf cannot, of course, be worn with a double collar, but with a wing collar or an ordinary "stand-up" one it looks very well. If it is worn with the latter, it will be necessary to keep it from riding up in front by a pair of small clips.

I have spoken above of a "hunting stock," and this is the name by which the stock tie is most frequently known. But this high-sounding appellation is apt to make many men think they should not wear it, as they are never likely to have the opportunity for hunting.

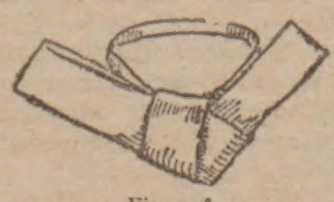


Figure 4.

But it is, of course, quite unnecessary that this form of neck-wear should be restricted to one particular sport.

It is undoubtedly the most suitable form of neck-wear for riding, and is far more comfortable than a flannel collar, and it is to be recommended for cross-country walking, for beagling or otter-hunting, and for all sports where otherwise a collar would have to be worn.

Some men even wear a stock with a lounge suit and trousers, but this never looks well, however comfortable it may be, for such a garb is something of a contradiction in terms.

Figure 5.

A stock may present some little difficulty to tie at first, but, as with a bow tie, the best plan is to practise on a water-jug or some sort of dummy until you know what is wanted, and then to start on yourself.

L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE "OFF" DAY.

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU ARE AT A "LOOSE END."

Probably more games have been spoiled and more sporting fixtures postponed or dropped entirely during the present year than any sports man can remember.

One and all, we have suffered from the worst weather for regular sports that any of us can recall, and if the grumbling is loud and long it will be no more than the occasion demands.

Few of us have escaped from the dislocating effects of the "off day." It is an experience very trying to the average sportsman whose time for sport is strictly limited.

You know the sort of day I mean. Perhaps it was to be a cycling run into a distant county, a rendezvous with kindred spirits at a certain village, a high tea, a ramble, and an easy run back at night with the scents of the hedges filling the air, the lamps burning brightly, and a good surface to the road, with, possibly, if great luck were with the party, a flickering of summer lightning on the horizon to give interest to the passing hours.

But the day came, and with it a drenching rain, a canopy of cloud that no sun, no half-dozen suns, could penetrate, and with a chilliness around that effectually drove all thoughts of the day's prearranged programme far away.

Or it may have been a cricket match, or a gallop over the hills, or a lazy day's fishing in the sunshine.

All these things, and hundreds of others, have this year been spoiled, and are still being spoiled every day of the season, by the extraordinary run of bad luck with the weather.

Now, when a man wakes in the morning with the single thought in his mind that the day is to be a full and magnificent one for him, he is ready to take to heart any little disappointment. His mind, even in sleep, has been anticipating the vigorous pleasures of the coming day. So that when he wakes and sees nothing but hopelessly black and dripping clouds, a rough wind, and the glass fixed at the point indicating a perverse continuance of the bad weather, he is in the running for a bad shock of disappointment.

This sudden finding oneself at a "loose end," with all one's plans shattered, is one of the most displeasing positions any man can be placed in, and if he says things that imperil his reputation for restraint, he has every excuse.

It is for these occasions that a sportsman should ever be prepared, and it is a very simple matter. There are comparatively few men nowadays who take walks for the love of walking, but the "off" day offers an excellent opportunity to test the pleasures of a tramp in the rain.

It is of no use running off by train to some week-end haunt where the weather is as bad, or worse. It is in the immediate neighbourhood of one's home that my plan can be put into operation.

Here it is briefly. Put on your oldest suit, a shirt with a soft collar, a cap, a pair of country boots—those luxuries that one or two of the well-known makers supply for rough country wear, made of thick but pliable brown leather, half-inch soles, but no heavy nails—take your stoutest stick, and make for the country at the nearest point.

There are peculiar pleasures in this sort of walk. The very fact that you are not obliged to hold an umbrella over your head to protect the city hat becomes a pleasure, and you welcome the water from dripping trees upon your head and shoulders.

You grow warm at every step, and a sense of co-operation with the wild elements, rather than a fight against them, gradually steals over you.

Leave the roads, strike off into fields by footpaths or no paths, tramp through the soaking grass, over the slippery clay, dig your heels into the clinging earth, and swing your stick with very joy.

And then turn home, glowing, sweating, tremendously hungry, but so deliciously refreshed. Then the bath, another and a drier suit, dinner, a smoke—and rest. Such "off days" are precious.

C. EASTON-GREY.

A HUNTING STORY.

WEATHERLY, M.F.H.

By T. W. GARDEN.

In the heart of the best hunting district in the Midlands, there is a stable which shelters many splendid hunters, and affords the same kindly hospitality to old Tom Wacey, whose proud boast it is that ever since he was installed as Whip to "Young" Mr. Weatherly's hounds, and succeeded later to the dignity of huntsman, he has never slept upon any bed but a shakedown of hay in the loft above the loose boxes.

"Young" Mr. Weatherly has long since gone to the place where good sportsmen go, and his son hunts the hounds in his stead. But Tom Wacey, who lives always in his carefully brushed, if faded, red coat, is a pensioner on the stable finances, much the same as old "Andrew"—once up to any weight, including "Young" Weatherly's —who waits for the end of all things—so we humans believe—in the paddock, because he has no soul.

No soul! The drunken tramps who loaf around for odd jobs are your superiors, Andrew; the brute of a stable boy, who maltreats the young bit o' blood, an immeasurably higher form of creation! Under the guidance and care of the ancient Tom Wacey, the eldest Master Weatherly respectfully admires your "clear old brown eye" that looks so kindly on mankind—but, Andrew, you are only a brute beast, and your ultimate end, even the hunting parson will tell you, is oblivion!

Thus, these two, Tom Wacey and old "Andrew," link up the glorious past, when the whole countryside rode to hounds, when good sportsmen betted heavily on the point-to-point, and waxed merry over the flowing bowl after either a good or a bad day.

And in these winter nights it is good to be honoured with a seat on an upturned box by the side of the fire in the harness room, and listen to old Tom Wacey, who takes down the churchwarden pipe, fills it, and, leaning forward, speaks to the young generation of the days that are no more. You see the firelight flickering on his face . . . a moment . . . and he breaks cover. . . .

"Will'um"—Tom is addressing the present huntsman—"You reckon you had a good run today. Good run? Why, dang me, they molly-coddle the horses up like so many childern in these here days, and afore they're gone a couple o' mile at a time of a buster the genelmen begin to cal'clate what their vet'inary's bill 'll be this season, and have visions of a bran mash hot.

"Gate-openers there always was and allus shall be, world without end, amen, but nowadays the field, at heart, are gate-openers, and pay a sight more attention to the cut o' their breeches than their seat on a good hoss.

"So they lumps along like sacks o' flour on hoss-back, lookin' oncommon oncomfortable, and particler onhappy till you feel a gasp o' relief when they manage to fall off light in the plough, and spoil the appearance of a good bit o' blood no longer. Not as I'm one to talk agin our betters! I ain't no bloomin' Socialist for all I wears a red coat—he—he—No blooming Socialist! Hats off to the nobility and gentry wot made fox-huntin', say I, and h-up with the House o' Lords!

"That's the way, my boys, that I answers these 'ere canvassers what comes round for *my* vote. 'Lansdowne or *not* Lansdowne?' I says to 'em—and there ain't one as has been able to clear that fence yet (praise be to the Almighty who preserves my better sense).

"Fancy them comin' to *me* that knows the worth of a true gentleman, that ha' seen acres and acres sold to the Jews to pay debts of honour, and double or quits tossed about two country houses with stables and lodges attached.

"Good sportsmen? Phew! The race continues, of course—but there ain't no 'Young' Mr. Weatherlys ridin' to hounds nowadays. The present master, you say, Will'um? Yes, he's good in his way, but you don't see him flyin' much, as you might term it.

"But his father afore him—under 'oom, Will'um, you will remember *I* was huntsman, and it was 'cause o' me that you are where you are to-day—his father afore him was a sportsman indeed!

"Well, in his prime there was the very Dayvil to pay when we got fairly away—'im and the Honourable John Dawley bein' extra special imps o' Satan o' sorts—all this, mark you, Will'um, bein' afore there was a Missus Weatherly.

"Well, afore that time an' back in the good old days when men of fire followed the hounds, and feared no fence that ever looked as ugly as sin itself, why"—Tom has taken down the long-lashed whip and cracked it smartly—"men, I tell ye boys, was men o' fire!"

"We was all men o' fire down to Will'um here, only a lath of a boy then, whom I made whip to the hunt as time went on and I found his heart was in the right place—just in the place to suit Mr. Weatherly, Master o' Foxhounds, and it hadn't ever to be in your mouth, I can tell you! Had it, Will'um? Be gosh, that wouldn't do for Mr. Weatherly!

"Nowadays, what they call foxhuntin' is, to my mind, only sort of hackin' about the country. An' the Squire stays at home and looks over his old china, and in the evenin' listens to the womenfolk singin' the tra-la bits in the drawin'-room—wearin' all the time shiny dancing slippers, and not a cake o' good wholesome mud will you find in the hall!

"Now 'Young' Mr. Weatherly never reckoned as he had had a day out unless he came home lookin' as if he'd been in a sort of mud-throwin' fight, and busted collar-bones was almost common with him. Yet, weighin' up the risks he took—reckless young limb—with the consequences he got, he came off light enough for years and years o' the don't-care-a-damn style.

"Now, I ain't no hand at soft love stories, 'cause Cupid could always give me two stone an' lose me easy, an' a sort o' superior Cupid—I hain't told you boys the tale afore—entered very much into the little romance weaved around that fox's mask wot hangs up there above the mantelpiece; an' one day, just below it, if I live to see the time, there'll be old Andrew's hoof, polished all correct, with a silver plate fixed on, an' the tale 'll be complete, 'cause on that day Mr. Weatherly rode Andrew for the very first time.

"The woman in the case was Isabelle, sister of the Honourable John Dawley, who'd been huntin' in the Cut-me-down countries and looked on us, then, as but a step above the local muggers (which is what they used to term the beagles).

"She was very polite on introduction to Our Master, who doffed his hat with a 'ell-an'-all of a sweep, which he rarely accorded to women-kind, bein' of the opinion that they were a nuisance in the hunting field, and nothin' else whatever.

"Me an' Will'um here shook our heads. It looked like the very ruination of the hunt, 'cause newly-married masters are invariably ordered to open gates an' take no risk of becomin' *post mortems*. Funny how we weighed up the form of them to an ounce, Will'um, wasn't it?

"I remember, Will'um, that I had to shut up your observations on the matter, you bein' such a striplin', while I was a man grown; but I never wanted women in *my* field, as you might say, so there'll be no more Tom Waceys, huntsmen—which is a *very* good job for you Will'um, because blood *will* tell, and you can plank it down on breedin' except where racehorses are concerned.

"And you might count on it with them, too, maybe, if it wasn't for the money they carry.

"However, to continue. M'Lady was very haughty-like, for all she smiled that sweet smile that said she liked you—but preferred you at a distance.

"Never did I thank the Lord so much as when the hounds drew the first cover and old Methodist sang out that it wasn't blank. A bangin' brown fox broke cover right on the other side, and took the line for Waldon Hill, which is a dayvilish country an' *no* mistake.

"Mr. Weatherly, when hounds went away, took the lead as usual, without a quaver even at those first fences in that country which look so bloomin' huge.

"He never turned to see where M'Lady was, but M'Lady followed him straight and true until, when it came to a temporary check, she was gallopin' on not far behind him and wavin' her crop right jolly-like, which was a pleasure to see.

"'Good heavens!' he says, '*You* here!'

"'Oh yes,' she says. 'Where you can go I can follow.'

"'For how long?' he asks her.

"'Oh my mount can stay for ever,' she says.

"'For ever?' he sort of echoes. 'Well, that's very kind of you.'

"'Now you're being silly,' she said, very cold and distant.

"It's wonderful how a well-bred woman can put the curb on a colt that's going a bit quick, as you might say.

"He didn't seem to think of anything to say back; you see he was better at taking a horse across country than at bandying words and chaffing with a pretty girl.

"But old Methodist had picked up the line again and hounds were away.

"Now 'Young' Mr. Weatherly didn't intend to be followed by no sort of woman, so he took just the stiffest fences, doubles, and bullfinches he could possibly bang at, with the inevitable result that he came the 'ell-an'-all of a purler on the rise of Waldon Hill when attemptin' to jump timber.

"He was fields ahead o' the rest, and M'Lady still stickin' to it close by, tho' I could see he was leadin' her rather more ticklish a dance than even she could keep time to.

"She was beside him in a minute, and all the laughing banter was off her face as she pulled up.

"She doesn't wait for no assistance but, nimble as a kid o' twelve, jumps off, lettin' her mare go

"'Ah,' says she, as she props Mr. Weatherly's head up on her arm, 'I thought it wouldn't be long before you wanted my attention, and it was no polite of you, Mr. Weatherly, to lead me over such obstacles!'

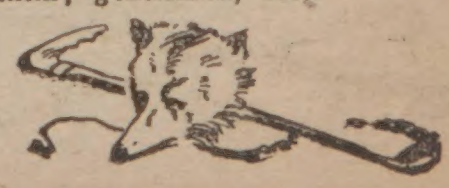
"He thanks her very quiet like, and calls for me. It was only a nasty shakin' he'd got.

"'Tom, old friend,' he says to me, 'what sort of a missus for a Master o' Foxhounds do you think that woman 'ud make?'

"'On form,' I says, 'couldn't be beat nohow.'

"'Now, that's my opinion, Tom,' says Mr. Weatherly, pickin' himself up, 'and at the present moment she's a very firm favourite for the Waldon Hall Stakes.'

"Which stakes, gentlemen, she won in the commonest o' canters. . . . Yes, thank you, Will'um, I'm not averse to a little drop. 'The House o' Lords an' foxhuntin', gentlemen, for ever!'"



AN ALLEGORY.

By G. SAINSBURY.

The young man had shaken himself free from such fetters as had bound him in his boyhood, and he stepped out into the world to face it himself, and see its beauties and its magnificence.

He longed, also, to taste of its joys—its delicious, soul-lifting joys.

So he walked gaily along the road that led to the City of Delight, and as he drew near to the City a man, bent and worn, accosted him and said: "Retrace your steps and go back to the Town of Toil, and there stay while your soul is pure."

But the young man did but laugh at him for an old fool.

"My soul is my own," he said.

The weary man sighed, and the Youth asked him why he was leaving that golden-domed city to walk the dreary road back to the Town of Toil, which resounded all the day through with naught but the clang of iron, and was wreathed in the blackened smoke from the great fires that belched from the tall shafts.

"I will tell you," said the man, "if you will give me a few pence to buy bread—plain bread."

And the young man looked at his face and saw that, although it was haggard, yet it was not the face of an old man.

"Surely," he said, "you can work, and thus buy for yourself the bread you need."

So the man prepared to pass on. But first he drew from his cloak a phial, and, offering it to the Youth, he said:

"Drink, and it will put fire into your veins, warm life into your blood, and love of it all into your heart. Thus you may enter the City of Delight, with your spirit craving all that it has to offer you, and your mind free to enjoy its pleasures."

The young man took the phial and held its pale gold up to the light.

"How do you know," he asked, "that this liquid will do all these things?"

"It was given me to drink when I—even I—took my way to the City that lies beyond," the man answered. "It is sweet to the taste and soothing to the soul of Youth, for its name is Desire."

And the young man drank half that was in the phial.

"It is enough," he said.

And the man, whose name was Experience, smiling, cast the bottle away.

"I also have had enough," he said, and passed on. So it was that, as night fell, the Youth came to the great gates of the City of Delight, and entered therein.

* * * * * * *

He was a stranger within the City, but ere he had passed far along the ways that were lit with a myriad of warmly glowing lights, he caught the laughing smile of a girl whose eyes were alluring, whose lips asked tacitly for kisses, whose arms seemed made to embrace.

"You look over-sad for this City," she said. "Come with me, and I will show you Life."

So the Youth followed her whither she led him, and for how long he never knew, for in the City of Delight, Time is not.

And at last they came to a great square, hung with festoons of red roses, where, beneath the fairy lanterns, a girl danced, and all the gay populace stood around, and watched with eager, lustful eyes the sensuous movements of her who danced before them.

And even as the Youth came up, the dancer sank in a filmy heap in the centre of the space, and it was finished.

The populace clapped their hands and applauded—then turned away. But the light had gone from their eyes, and only a tinge of wistful sadness showed on their countenances.

And the dancer passed through the crowd with a veil over her head, and many young men sought her favour—a smile from her eyes, a word from her lips. But, laughing, she waved them away.

"Why is this?" asked the young man of the girl.

"She is good and pure—and a dancer," the girl answered. "But they do not understand."

Thus they passed on with the crowd that sought ever for amusement to a temple that was called the Temple of Fame, and there a man whose head was crowned with laurel leaves read from a scroll, and the populace listened.

As he read he swayed the multitude as he willed. A note of pathos, and their faces were sad. A touch of tragedy, and their faces were grim. A quip of wit, and their faces were joyous.

He cleared the mist from their minds and showed them themselves as they were, and the least word he spoke stirred their souls, so that their passions were at his command.

He smote martial ardour into his words. In their ears they heard the noise of battle and the sound of clarion. Thus he held them till their eyes dilated and he showed them the glory of victory. A hush, a suggestion of sadness, and they knew each one of them of the penalty of victory, which is the death of many brave men.

And so to the tranquil peace of perfect love and happiness in life. . . .

He stopped.

"Now," said the young girl to the Youth, "there is money to pay for this."

And he who had read walked among them, and he seemed but an ordinary man after all, for he took from those who had listened payment.

"Bah! It is all emptiness," said the populace. "He does it for money, and yet paints life for us just as he wills. Truly we are fools to listen."

Yet they pressed round him anxious to be called his friends, even as the young men had sought the favour of the dancer.

And the Youth asked of the maiden why those who spoke disparagingly of him should seek his hand in friendship.

But even as he spoke, he who had read to the populace passed them by, so that the crowd made jests about him, yet he seemed not to care.

"They are but making him famous," said the girl. "Soon he will ask more money for his works when his name is spread abroad. But they do not understand."

She bade him follow her until they came to a pleasant garden, where little fairy lamps glowed and a mellow moon shone effulgently in the star-gemmed sky above them. On the warm breeze the strains of music, soft and caressing, were borne.

"Here," said the girl, "they drink libations to the God of Wine."

Round about sat many men, old and young, with women filling their wine-cups and drinking with them.

And the Youth drank also; but the girl, smiling, waved the cup away.

Yet she watched him drink, and fixing him with her eyes drew his soul to herself, so that he stood the wine-cup down.

And his pulse began to beat the faster beca the girl looked at him with favour in her eyes He reached out his hand to touch her soft a and where his fingers touched, there they thr and burned.

Forgotten was the red wine and the music, the glow of the little lights. Forgotten dancer who had danced in the square, and man who could sway men's souls to his will.

As one who looks through a mist at the sun saw her, glorious beyond all—Woman as was, and is, and ever shall be to the end of Ti For she is omnipotent, and her lightest smile the defeat of Honour, so that it becomes triumph of Love.

"Come, Beloved," said the girl.

And the young man blindly did her bidding nor did he wake again from his dream of until they came to her house, where the Goddess of Passion reigned, decked with the emblems Love.

* * * * * *

Now he whose name had been Youth, and was called Experience, passed out of the gates the City of Delight.

And on the road to the Town of Toil he met young man who took that way to the City. And stopping him he prayed him to go back the Town of Toil while his soul was yet pure.

But the young man brushed him aside. he who was called Experience drew a phial his cloak, and, offering it to the Youth, he said

"Drink; it is sweet to the taste and soothing to the soul of Youth, for its name is Desire."

And the young man drank half that was in the phial.

"It is enough," he said.

And the man whose name was Experience smiling, cast the bottle away.

"I also have had enough," he said, and passed on.

So that, as night fell, yet another Youth came to the great gates of the City of Delight and entered therein.

ARE BULLDOGS STUPID?

A friend and I had a hot argument the other day concerning the intelligence of bulldogs. He held that a bulldog was as clever as a poodle and as obedient as a well-trained retriever.

He mentioned several anecdotes to back up his statement. He explained, for example, how one of his bulldogs managed to get him out of his armchair so that it might occupy the comfortable seat; this dog would go to the door of the smoking-room and whine as if it wanted to go out, but as soon as its master left his armchair and opened the door, it simply jumped into the chair, curled up and refused to budge.

This would almost go to prove that bulldogs are possessed of a certain power of reasoning.

For my own part I have had two bulldogs at different times, and in each case I have been disappointed in them. The quaintness of their appearance appealed to my peculiar taste, but I found that their merits ended there.

They were both very lazy, and after walking about half a mile they would lie down and refuse to move. I had either to carry them or return to the house with them.

Then, again, they were extremely disobedient. They would get into the middle of the road, and I would whistle to them to come back to the path because a motor-car was approaching. Would they come? They would not! The only plan was to put them on the lead.

Besides this, they were difficult to keep in good health, owing, I daresay, to the fact that there is probably some inbreeding in their pedigree, as there is in that of most high-priced dogs.

The most interesting point in our discussion was this—my dogs were both males, while my friend's were she-dogs; perhaps the sex has something to do with the difference in intelligence.

J. G. PETERSEN

Some Special Shooting Hints.

THINGS THE MARKSMAN SHOULD KNOW.

One of the many advantages of rifle shooting as a pastime is that, like golf, it is never out of season. Summer weather no doubt offers better conditions and is conducive to better work, and it is well that the Bisley meeting comes in July, but the average range is used from one year's end to another.

And after all it is as necessary to be able to shoot under winter conditions, when light and atmosphere are so different, as in summer-time. There is no campaigning season in modern warfare, and army corps do not go into "winter quarters."

I have shot in competitions with snow on the ground or in blinding rain. It does not do for the would-be marksman to be afraid of the elements.

It is most essential, however, to keep as warm as you can before you take your place on the mat, and it is impossible to make good shooting if hands and wrists are cold.

Gloves cannot be worn while shooting, for a good grip is impossible, but woollen wristlets can, and even the greatcoat can be retained in very bad weather by the simple expedient of tucking the rifle butt inside it.

The crack shot will usually do this with his ordinary shooting jacket. It is essential to get the butt-plate right into the shoulder, and the less you have between it and the skin the better. The tighter the rifle is held the less will the kick be felt.

CHOOSING A RIFLE.

A few words on choosing a rifle may be useful to some of my readers. It is not every man who has the means or the necessity for buying a rifle for his own, but it is useful to know what to look at in choosing a rifle from the armoury of your club or corps—especially if you can get the chance of choosing a rifle to be reserved for yourself.

Every man who wants to do any good at rifle shooting should certainly have his own weapon. If he cannot get one reserved for himself alone, he should at least always endeavour to use the same one, and should make a note of its number, as well as of its normal elevation at each range.

No two rifles shoot exactly alike, so that there is even more in knowing your gun than there is in knowing your golf clubs or cricket bat.

The first thing to look at is the inside of the barrel, though this is taken for granted by all too many riflemen. All oil and grease must, of course, be carefully wiped out first.

BEWARE OF NICKELLING.

Take out the bolt, raise the rifle so that it is pointing to the light, and look up the bore. If the slightest speck appears, wipe out the barrel with a gauze and a dry rag, and if it is still there, choose another rifle. One with a rusted or nickelled barrel will not give you a fair chance, though it may not be so badly affected that an armourer cannot set it right.

Nickelling is a trouble to which a rifle barrel is very liable, but for which many shots are not sufficiently on the look-out. It is due to particles of the nickel coating of the bullet adhering to the inner surface of the barrel. These in turn tear still more nickel off other bullets, as they are forced by the explosion into the grooves.

Another important point is to see that the bolt-head fits close up to the chamber. If there is the slightest gap when the breech is closed, some of the gases will escape, and apart from the danger, the force of the explosion on the bullet will be lessened, and it will therefore tend to go low.

See also that the bolt works easily, and that the ejecting mechanism is all right; also that the pull is as you like it. If a rifle has been lying by for some time, the surface on which the "seer" slides when you pull the trigger is apt to become clogged with oil and the pull becomes too heavy.

You should be able just to lift a six-pound weight, when it is suspended from the trigger, without releasing the spring.

A sling swivel should be fitted just in front of the magazine if you intend to use the sling to steady the rifle. Government rifles as issued have not this swivel, but it is easily added since it merely replaces the screw in the plate.

The sights also should be carefully examined, especially if the rifle has seen much service. The leaf of the back sight must be absolutely firm and perpendicular when raised, and the bar must grip the leaf tightly.

SIGHTS AND BANDS.

The foresight also is apt to get knocked about with hard wear, and it is important to see that it is not in any way damaged.

A band which grips the barrel too tight will also prove fatal. It prevents the barrel expanding, and tends to interior nickelling as the bullet forces its way through. There should be quite an appreciable amount of play between the barrel and each of the metal bands.

The keeping of both rifle and man in the best possible condition is what makes all the difference, when once the rudiments are grasped; and it is foolish to expect a rifle to shoot accurately, whatever be the skill behind it, unless it be properly cared for.

In the matter of sighting, only experience can be of real value, but the main thing is not to be content with anything but a central bull's-eye. The novice is apt to think he has done something if he gets an inner, and does not correct his aim or his sighting for it, while if he cuts the bull he scores five, and thinks he has done all that can be done.

THE MAKING OF A MARKSMAN.

The crack shot always works towards the centre of the target, irrespective of what he scores, with the result that he is always improving. It is the man who can account for the position of each shot on the target by the allowance of wind or elevation he gave, and the spot he was aiming at, who makes a good shot. Shooting is not merely holding a rifle steady and pulling the trigger. The steady hold must come first, and it must be practised and reckoned on; after that it is a matter of nerve and calculation.

The man who blazes away and merely adds so much to his score as the value of each shot is signalled, will probably have very little to add.

At many miniature rifle clubs there is far too much of this, and men will go on firing without being told or asking the position of their last shot.

If you do not know where your shots are going, it is impossible to correct your aim or sighting. It is like shooting in the dark.

Even if no system of "spotting," or showing the position of the hit on the target or a dummy, is possible, the position can be very well described in the language of the rifle range. The position of the figures on a clock face is the generally accepted means of description, and "well in at two o'clock" or "touching the bull at half-past seven" or "low magpie at six o'clock" give a very fair idea of the position of the shot.

If the firer be told the position of each hit as soon as it is made, he has some chance of shooting scientifically and consistently. A. H. MAUDE.

BADMINTON.

A FINE WINTER INDOOR GAME.

Some people affect to sneer at Badminton as a superior sort of battledore and shuttlecock, but then they have never played the game, or if they have, then only the "bumble-puppy" type of Badminton.

Properly played, Badminton is a fine, strenuous, manly game, calling as it does for great activity, sound stamina, quickness of hand and eye, and excellent "head" or judgment.

Of course, Badminton is an indoor game—at least, in this country, although in India, where it is widely popular, it is played out of doors—but then we have arrived at the season of indoor games, and for the man who is getting past football and other violent outdoor exercises, Badminton is a splendid game. It exercises every muscle of the body, but particularly those of the back and stomach, the head being always up and thrown back to follow the shuttlecock in the air, and these are the very muscles the man who is beginning to put on flesh wants to exercise.

Then it is a tremendously fast game, faster even than indoor lawn-tennis, for as the shuttlecock must always be taken on the volley—that is, before it touches the ground—it is flashed back from one player to another with great rapidity, and prolonged "rallies" are the rule rather than the exception.

It is a game that gives plenty of scope for cunning—fair cunning—and headwork in general, and above all it teaches you to keep your temper. The flight of the shuttlecock is very peculiar and baffling, and when you are getting the worst of it, it is no use slamming at the shuttlecock, as you may do at a tennis ball.

Indeed, the mistake most commonly made by beginners is hitting hard at the shuttlecock, with the result that they overbalance themselves, and often land on their noses. At tennis and cricket the player has to overcome the resistance of a moving ball; at golf the inertia of a stationary object; but at Badminton the "ball" offers no resistance, and the Badminton stroke is a sweeping movement, not a hit.

In the way it is played Badminton closely resembles lawn-tennis, the principal differences being that the "ball" must be taken on the volley, the court is smaller (maximum 40ft. by 20ft., minimum 30ft. by 15ft.), while the net is from 5ft. to 5½ft. high, and need be only two or three feet wide. Lawn-tennis racquets may be used, but the correct bat has a head about the same size as that used for racquets.

Service is much the same as at lawn-tennis, except that the server is not restricted to the back line, but may serve from anywhere inside the court.

Scoring is by aces, 15 making game, and an ace or point is scored every time your opponent fails to return the shuttlecock, or, returning it, sends it out of bounds.

The server is put "out" by commission of any one of the following offences: Failing to serve over the net (if he gets it over the net, but out of service bounds, he is allowed another try); hitting the shuttlecock twice; sending it right out of court; allowing the shuttlecock to touch any part of his body after he has loosed it for serving.

The chief bar to an even wider popularity than Badminton already enjoys is that it requires a big and especially a high room to play it properly. Still, a gymnasium, an empty stable or loft, or even a disused shed can be readily converted into a Badminton court, while men engaged in big warehouses can easily get in a game of Badminton during the lunch hour on the floor of one of the stock or show rooms.

And even one game of Badminton means healthy perspiration, well-exercised muscles, and, the shuttlecock's vagaries of flight being endless, plenty of amusement. In short, Badminton is an excellent physical and mental tonic and pick-me-up for the man who has to lead a more or less sedentary life. Moreover, it is quite inexpensive.

R. B. CHAMBERS.

OUR READERS VIEWS—

POSTERS FOR YOUR DEN.

For a long time I lived in what landladies advertise as a bed-sitting-room, but, at last, owing to an increase in screw, I was able to join another chap in sharing a couple of rooms, so that, besides the bedroom, we had a sitting-room in which to take our meals and to see anybody who might look us up.

This sitting-room was very badly furnished—at least, from the sporting point of view.

There were a few old-fashioned prints on the wall, but they were a long way from being what we consider attractive, and we made up our minds to have some better form of wall decoration. We could not afford to buy pictures, nor could we afford to frame the supplements that were given away with various papers.

At last we hit on the idea of decorating the walls of the room with posters. There are some very nice ones issued without very much advertising matter on them. Two of the best are put out by the London and North-Western Railway Company, and show a steamer making its way from Holyhead to Dublin.

There are many other excellent posters for a sportsman's den, notably the one which has been used to advertise THE MODERN MAN, and which shows the horseman who appears beside the title of the first page.

In some cases the posters were given to us without charge; we always enclosed stamps for postage. In other cases we had to pay a little, but the pictures are well worth it, and our den now looks as smart as you could wish it. The tip may be useful to some of my fellow-readers, who contemplate making a room look brighter.

HANDY TIPS.

If the metal handle of your umbrella should work loose, as they have a troublesome knack of doing, it is easy enough to put it right without taking it to the shop.

Make a glue of pitch and gutta-percha, and use it hot. Fill the cavity with the glue, and put in the handle. Give it a twist or two, and it will set firm.

This applies equally well to loose handle-bars of cycles.

It is not generally known that a generous diet of grapes will cure a bad influenza cold, and it is a rather pleasant remedy, too.

A chap who is fond of flowers can grow them quite easily in water in his own room with little trouble. Hyacinths, crocuses, and snowdrops can all be grown in glasses.

And an acorn put into a narrow-mouthed bottle filled with water is most interesting to watch.

LOSING THINGS.

I am one of the absent-minded crew, and am always losing things. My sweetheart says that I am too busy to remember details, but that is just her way of putting it.

I have always been losing things, and at one time when I found something missing, I gave up hope of recovering it, and simply tried to forget it; but a friend of mine gave me the tip that I ought to apply to the police when anything worth while went astray.

After receiving this advice, the first things that I lost were a couple of postal orders, one for three shillings and the other for five shillings, which had been sent to me in payment for an article I had advertised.

I took the postal orders out with me in the morning, intending to have them cashed, but at the end of the day, when I put my hand into my vest pocket to get them, I discovered to my annoyance that they were gone.

I did not know whether I had lost them in the office, or in the train, or in the street, but I applied to the police, and two days later I was informed that the postal orders had been recovered. I had not troubled about it, for my name had been written on each postal order.

They informed me that a lady had found them,

and they suggested that I should give some suitable reward to the finder. I knew nothing about this sort of business, and asked them how much they considered to be sufficient. They suggested a shilling, and I therefore paid that over to them.

I received information shortly afterwards that the shilling had been sent to the local hospital at the finder's request, and I have made up my mind that in future, before I send a reward to the finder of my lost property, I will make some sort of inquiry as to his or her social status.

On another occasion I missed a handbag, and was uncertain whether I had left it in the train or in a shop. Again I applied to the police, and discovered that my handbag was waiting for me, and that it had been found in an hotel at which I had called for refreshment with a friend.

I think the recovering of lost property is one of the most useful functions the police fulfil, and those who are, like me, absent-minded ought to avail themselves of the services offered to them free of charge by the local guardians of the peace.

SUGGESTIONS FOR DULL EVENINGS.

For those who find the dark dreary evenings of late autumn and early winter hang heavily on their hands, perhaps a few suggestions for new occupations may not come amiss.

Those who have collected mementos of the summer vacation—and who has not?—in the shape of pebbles or stones or plants and leaves can now set to work to cut and polish and arrange these treasures of beach and woodland.

Of course, a proper machine is used by the lapidary, but a file which can be obtained very cheaply will do for a soft pebble. Remember to dip the file in water from time to time, or it will lose its edge, and then the polishing can be effected by using emery paper, and finishing off with a good plate powder.

As for the leaves and flowers, a very effective screen can be made of these if you use either a paper-covered framework or one fitted with glass panels.

Arrange them as artistically as possible, and gum or glue them on carefully. Then coat the screen over with a thin glaze or varnish, and you will have a thing of beauty, as well as a lasting reminder of your holiday.

MONEY FOR PARAGRAPHS.

Send us a paragraph about something a man is interested in, something you are interested in yourself.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

Don't exceed 300 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. Alexander Kerr, 5, Caledonia Road, Saltcoats, N.B., for "Everyday Mismanagement of the Horse."

EVERYDAY MISMANAGEMENT OF THE HORSE.

One of the commonest ways of worry-ing a horse is to pat and caress him when he does a thing you don't want him to do and to beat him for doing what you want him to do.

For instance, a horse is frequently patted for jibbing, and flogged for going on, so that he soon learns not to start at all.

Again, only too often, when a horse stumbles down comes the whip. A horse will not fall if he can help it, any more than you would.

If a horse shies, don't correct him with the whip, as he will connect the abuse he receives with the object at which he shied and soon become a worse shyer.

Driving single-harness horses without breeching is another common mistake. The horse cannot utilise his weight and his immense strength in his quarters to hold the trap back, when going down hill, without the breeching, and in a two-wheeled vehicle the slightest stumble will cause him to fall, all the weight being upon the withers.

All the wear and tear comes on the forelegs and hence "groggy knees" rapidly develop.

Pairing a good slow horse with a good fast horse for double-harness purposes; drawing from a fixed draught pull, instead of from a swinging or moving bar; putting bearing reins on made horses—all these are forms of cruelty that do not give the animal a chance. It is foolish to imagine that the bearing rein tends to hold a horse up or prevent him from falling.

Another form of barbarism is to cut the long hair out of the ears.

Many men omit to examine the teeth first when a disposition not to eat is shown, while the greatest mistake of all is to use harsh treatment before having tried gentle.

YOUR OWN PHOTOGRAPH.

Have you ever noticed what a fascination a newly-taken photograph of yourself has for you?

I have lately had a new one taken, and although I think it is beastly I cannot help looking at it again and again.

I suppose it is because a photograph gives you some idea of how you appear to your fellow-men, or, at least, you imagine it does, though few men appear to their fellow men as they do to the camera.

I don't think it is conceit. If you could see the photo I am speaking of you would agree that it cannot be in my case.

THE MAN WHO WILL GIVE ADVICE.

He lives in the same house as I do, worse luck!

He is a perfect encyclopædia, and he'll give advice on every subject under the sun. The only thing he has never learnt is to mind his own business and leave other people's alone.

He advises the landlady on how to treat her husband, and gives tips to the husband on the management of wives in general and his in particular.

He has got a special brand of advice for those who are stoney broke and for those who are flush of coin.

He advises a stranger for his good and his friends for their sins.

Like all cheap nostrums, his advice is nearly always harmful. He prescribes in season and out of season. He is as hard to get away from as a London fog, and like a dun he meets you everywhere.

The other week he advised me not to dabble in stocks, and the other day he strongly urged me to back heavily a horse he fancied.

I have lost the shares through taking his advice, and, again, because I took his advice, I have lost my money.

The landlady and her spouse are quarrelling below stairs on account of him, and in the room above mine two young fellows are fighting desperately, judging from the noise, for the same reason.

It's as bad as having a maker of fireworks on the premises, and quite as dangerous.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE CLEANSING

By STEPHEN HURST.

Bob Watson had been feeling "off the mark," as he termed it, for such a long time that at last wisdom demanded that he should consult a doctor.

He woke up in the morning heavy-headed and with an abominable taste in his mouth; when he walked downstairs he had sudden sensations that he was missing a step, and had to clutch the banisters to save himself from falling; his nerves were bad, his temper objectionable, his appetite for food nil. Only in the evenings, when he had swallowed a drink or two, did he experience anything approaching to pleasure.

He detailed these physical peculiarities to a friend at the office, and was unfeelingly informed that he sounded like an advertisement for liver pills.

"I think I ought to see a doctor," sighed Bob. "I'm getting sick of being so rotten. What do they do with you when you go?" he asked rather nervously.

"Mean to say you've never been medically examined?" queried his friend, in surprise.

"Not since I was a kid and had measles or chicken-pox or some rot of that sort."

"Oh, well, it's nothing. You just strip, and he pummels you all over, and asks you a lot of inconvenient questions, and——"

"Hold hard!" interposed Bob. "Should I really have to strip?"

"Well, there's nothing very alarming about that, is there?" The friend was considerably more robust than Bob, who was colourless and languid, and had no interest whatever in any sport save that of horse-racing.

As his sole ambition with regard to that was to make a lot of money in return for a meagre outlay, caring little if every horse dropped dead except the one carrying his money, it would be an exaggeration to say that he came under the classification of sportsman.

"I don't know about alarming," grumbled Bob, in return, "but I don't quite fancy the idea."

"Perhaps it's the questions you're afraid of," suggested the other.

"Questions about what?" flashed Bob.

"All right. Keep your hair on. No offence," and the friend returned to his desk, his good temper unruffled.

It was, perhaps, the contrast between this good temper and his own uncontrollable irritation that made Bob's frame of mind grow worse. He had an intolerable conviction that he was in some way the inferior of the other.

The dislike to having his body exposed was genuine. It is no uncommon characteristic of the man who has always tabooed athletic exercise, but, while the trait is natural to a modest woman, in a man it is somewhat of an unhealthy symptom. It suggests undeveloped vigour.

Bob reflected on it sullenly, staring through the window, and letting the work on his desk lie idle. He felt depressed and acutely discontented. Was he, after all, so little proud of the life he led about town as to dread being cross-examined about it?

Bob was not a very desperate fellow in his dissipations, judged from the standpoint of a man of the world. He frequented music-halls and bars, and he knew how to conduct a conversation without embarrassment with the ladies who served the drinks and the other ladies who drank them. Nevertheless, he was far from being a winner in the race of the swift.

But in his own opinion his career had been lurid, and when physical unfitness had attacked him he looked upon it as something of a glorious consequence—a sort of medal for his daring.

But rosy fancy disappears when liver thrusts forward its yellow face, and now, staring gloomily out of the window, he longed for escape to some purer recreation. It seemed to him that his whole nature wanted cleansing.

"I'll see a doctor, anyhow," he muttered, with abrupt decision.

* * * * * * *

The doctor was a brisk and youthful man, with keen grey eyes which Bob felt could read him through and through. Nevertheless, there was an air of confidence and cheery fellowship about him that dispersed Bob's uneasiness like mist before the morning sun.

He answered the crisp questions without any attempt at evasion.

"Living at home?" asked the doctor, whose examination was over in less than a minute.

"No, in diggings."

"Late hours, eh?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Cigarettes galore?"

Bob grimaced and eyed his stained fingers. He had forgotten that he was nude to the waist.

"I should drop them. Four a day at the outside," continued the doctor, gesturing to indicate that he might dress. "And all the other things you think are doing you harm," he added, and that was the only observation he made upon the inconvenient topics.

"I think I will," said Bob. "I'll keep clear of knocking about town for a bit."

"Why not clear out of town altogether? As soon as you find you are feeling better you're sure to drop back into old habits again." The doctor laughed, as from knowledge of his own weaknesses in the past. "Couldn't you arrange to get out somewhere in the country, and catch an early train to business?"

"With the winter coming one?" queried Bob, in dismay.

"All the better! Plenty of open, bracing air. That's what you need. It will clean out all the taint of the town from you. Go in for walking and running. A cross-country team is as good as anything. The season is just commencing."

"But aren't the fellows rather——" Bob hesitated, "rather rough sort of chaps?"

"Better that than effete," interposed the doctor, promptly.

Bob flushed with the knowledge that he had incurred the odium of snob.

"Yes—I know—of course," he stammered.

"Try it and see," advised the doctor, giving him an encouraging grip of the hand.

It was almost in a state of exhilaration that Bob went away.

* * * * * * *

A fortnight later he was living in a village more than a dozen miles from town, from which he had to start at a quarter past seven in the morning in order to reach the office at nine.

At first he found the early rising a hardship, especially as the time of year was November, and at 6 a.m. it was dark.

But he was up against a hitherto unsuspected strain of stubbornness in his character, which would not allow his determination to weaken.

His colleagues in town unanimously dubbed him an ass, and prophesied an early return to the vortex of vice. Failing this, it was universally expected that he would sink into the condition of mental stagnation which the townsman born and bred supposes to be characteristic of the countryman.

Finding him proof against the barbs of their sarcasm, and pertinaciously adhering to his new habit of proceeding countrywards by the very first train he could catch after business hours, they solemnly excommunicated him from the pious fold, and Bob was left with new fields of friendship to explore.

The expense of his season ticket he more than recompensed by the cheapness of his lodgings, and, moreover, he found that opportunities for the squandering of loose cash had dwindled to insignificance.

At the end of the second week Bob counted up his exchequer with much satisfaction. At the end of another he was waking in the morning with a clear head and a monstrous appetite. "This'll do for me," he told himself joyously.

So far he had not made many acquaintances, chiefly because he was unable to strike the level of the people about him. There was even stiffness between himself and the aged people with whom he lodged.

Though Bob was not aware of it, his manner was not altogether void of condescension when he had any conversation with the villagers. It was the ingrained consciousness of the superiority of the townsman, which was not to be eradicated all at once.

There was an institute in the village, and connected with it, to Bob's pleasure, was a harriers' club.

Undeterred by his failure to gain immediate popularity, he became a member of the institute, and soon got to know the captain of the harriers, Bert Harley by name.

"I'd like to join the club, if you've no objection," said Bob.

Bert displayed neither objection nor enthusiasm. They were in the reading-room of the institute, and the several fellows about were all on the best of terms with each other, but towards Bob their reserve was marked.

"We don't mind," said Bert. "Can you run?"

"Yes," said Bob stoutly, though it was years since he had done more than run for a train in the morning.

"All right. We generally go out on Saturday afternoons. The big barn at the bottom o' Bird Lane's the headquarters."

"What time?" asked Bob.

"Three."

"I'll be there," said Bob. He indulged in a desultory chat with a fellow here and there, and then went home, his spirits rather chilled.

"I'm not their sort," he muttered. "There's something wrong with me."

And that was the beginning of the end of his condescension.

* * * * * * *

Bob went along to the barn on Saturday, shivering in his running clothes beneath his overcoat. It was long since he had felt in such a state of funk, but he set his teeth, resolved to see it through.

At the headquarters a dozen or so runners were assembled, and Bert Harley nodded unconcernedly as he entered.

"How far are you going?" Bob asked him, trying to appear at ease.

"Oh, about seven or eight miles. You'd better stick by me, as you don't know the country."

"Right," agreed Bob, wondering how the deuce he would find the stamina to do it. But he discarded his overcoat, and flung it into a corner, despite the feeling that, so far as physique was concerned, he compared ill with the others.

He was taken little notice of, and it suddenly occurred to him that this reserve was nothing but indifference, and infinitely to be preferred to vulgar inquisitiveness.

A start was shortly made, and Bob stuck by the captain, who went along with an easy, lopping stride.

They took the road to begin with,

and soon the exertion was making itself felt on Bob's wind.

He held on gamely, though his breath was coming in pants, and it seemed as though tight wire was being drawn round his chest.

"I believe in takin' it steady to start with," observed Bert casually. "Some of the others like to be impetuous."

They were the last pair, and all the others were getting farther ahead. Bob knew that his companion's observation was more tact than fact, and he gave him a grateful glance.

He struggled on, but his pace grew slower and slower.

"You needn't wait," he gasped. "I'll follow on."

"All right," said Bert. "You'll get your second wind in a minute. It comes slow when you're not used to it."

Another hundred yards of agony.

"Those damned cigarettes," Bert said, staccato.

"I always smoke a pipe," Bob said. "Suits me better."

"Wish to the Lord I had," groaned Bob, with a laugh, and then he tumbled in a heap on the road.

"It's all right," he said, faintly.

But he felt himself turned on his back, and vigorous hands rubbing him down. The cramp gradually worked its way out of him. He clenched his jaw, and endured silently.

"Jove," he said, as the pain went, and the warm, glad blood tingled along his veins. "That's good!"

"Try your feet now," said Bert, helping him up, and then continuing the massage of his thighs and elbows.

Bob stamped, and swung his arms.

"Come on," he said.

He caught a new look on Harley's face, and gave a half-embarrassed laugh. The look was admiration.

"I shouldn't do too much for the first time," advised Bert. "Let's cut across these fields. We can save a mile or two and meet the other chaps on their way back."

"Right. You're captain," agreed Bob, with a wholly happy smile. "But I'll go the whole distance next Saturday. You see if I don't!"

"I'll bet you will," said Bert heartily.

And he did.

A MAN'S RINGS.

There is something about a ring that helps to make a hand look nice. A man does not want his hand to look effeminate, but at the same time he does not care for it to look unsightly, and very often the fact that he wears a ring on his finger makes all the difference.

Of course he wants the ring to be something good, and not a sham.

In these days solid gold rings are not very expensive, and frequently he can have one made up for a few shillings from old gold sleeve-links, clumsy studs, and other things that have come down to him from his forebears.

The chief thing with which a man has to concern himself in the matter of a ring is the stone that is to form its principal ornament. It is regrettable that many worthless and ugly stones are set in solid gold rings. They take off from the appearance of the ring and make it look very trumpery.

One of the best stones a man can possibly have in his ring is an opal. There is something fascinating in an opal, some new beauty to be discovered every time you look at it, and the stone is not one which is by any means costly. Very frequently you can pick up an unset opal cheaply, and have it put into a ring at a small cost.

There is still a cheaper way of obtaining a suitable ornament for a ring, and that is to go in for one of the memento variety. A bit of lead from a bullet that has made a record score is a memento that those interested in shooting may well be proud to wear.

This kind of thing, though it may not be in itself beautiful, lends a certain amount of interest to the ring, and is infinitely to be preferred to a cheap or an imitation stone.

Garden Carpentry.

A WINTER OCCUPATION FOR THE MAN WHO TAKES AN INTEREST IN HIS GARDEN.

The man who owns a garden, and is in the habit of devoting a certain amount of time to it in spring and early autumn, and of enjoying it to the full in the summer, is apt to find himself at a loose end when the advent of the cold weather makes it impossible and unnecessary for him to spend much time at his favourite pursuit.

If, however, like the unjust steward, he cannot dig, and the actual plants and shrubs require but little attention once the autumn pruning and clipping is done, he can still occupy part of his leisure in useful work.

Many a garden owes almost as much to the artificial erections of the carpenter as to the actual work of the gardener proper, and garden carpentry may provide recreation and exercise just as well as other forms of gardening, and may be the means of producing many lasting features which will enhance the beauty of the "demesne" whether its extent be measured in feet or acres.

TRELLIS-WORK.

One of the simplest things that the amateur carpenter can try his hand at is trellis-work, and this is often needed even in the smallest garden for giving additional height to a wall or as a framework for creepers, or even to break up an expanse of brick wall to which it may be nailed.

Trellis of the diamond-lattice pattern, however, can be bought so cheaply that it costs little more than the unjoined laths would do. If this will answer the purpose, it is advisable for the amateur carpenter to get it ready-made, and to turn his attention to something more ambitious.

A rustic arch will be more worthy of his efforts, and this is a thing which must be made on the spot. The ready-made article is nearly always a failure.

The important thing is to make a structure of which the framework will withstand the weather, and which will not decay and collapse just when it is well covered with roses or creepers.

THE WOOD-HOUSE.

For the uprights there is nothing to beat four larch poles. Fir poles are the next best thing, and may be easier to obtain, but the wood is more liable to rot in the ground.

These should be sawn off to exactly the same length, and the bottoms should be left flat, and not pointed, so that they may stand firmly.

Four holes must now be dug in the ground to a depth of at least three feet, and the poles having been well coated with tar to that height, they are set on end in them and the holes filled in.

The earth must be rammed tightly round them as each spadeful is thrown in. A shorter length of pole or the handle of a pickaxe makes an excellent rammer if the real thing is not available.

In the cross-pieces of the arch strength is not so essential, and here the taste of the designer can have full scope. They may be simply two straight poles laid level, or four lighter poles fixed in a pointed gable, or if some old apple wood is procurable a very fine rustic effect may be produced by using its natural curves, and fixing the branches together with nails or stout wire.

The space between the two uprights on each side is also best filled in with old apple wood, which is all the better if it is covered with lichen, but any small branches with the bark on may be utilised, or even a trellis-work made with short, straight billets.

But whatever design and whatever material you adopt, let there be no "jerry-building." The arch must be something that will last and withstand wind and damp, and also that will bear the weight of whatever creepers you intend to cover it with.

HOW TO MAKE A PERGOLA.

If your garden is of fairly ample proportions one of the paths may well be covered with a pergola or a series of arches covered with roses.

In this case the procedure is very similar, but the uprights should be set singly at even intervals, and the sides of the walk are best left open.

Overhead the uprights are usually joined by a straight cross-bar both to the opposite pole and to the next poles on the same side. Using this as a framework, lighter poles may be nailed at more frequent intervals across the top, if desired, so as to form a kind of roof over the path which can be covered with creepers.

The framework, however, should be mortised or jointed, and not merely nailed, so as to give additional strength.

An arbour may be built on a similar plan, and will give much scope for the skill of the designer as well as of the amateur carpenter.

GARDEN SEATS.

Garden seats also can be made at this time of year, and the variety of designs possible is limited only by the material available and the skill of the craftsman.

If planed wood is used it should be coated with creosote or one of the many damp-resisting preparations which are now issued for the purpose. Paint always looks out of place in a garden, and varnish is apt to be sticky.

Glass frames and wooden tubs or flower boxes are also amongst the many things that are of use in a garden, and may be made almost as well and much more cheaply at home.

Carpentering of this sort is possible for every man, with the scantiest collection of tools and the most elementary knowledge of how to handle them, for a neat finish is not only not required but is a positive blemish.

The work can be carried on independently of weather or daylight in a shed, or even indoors.

ALAN HAMER.

MEN AT BAZAARS.

At the present time bazaars of various descriptions are being held throughout the country, for various purposes, good and indifferent.

Some are intended to raise money for religious objects and others for athletic clubs, but the principal business of the organisers of each and all appears to be to fleece everyone who may visit the bazaar.

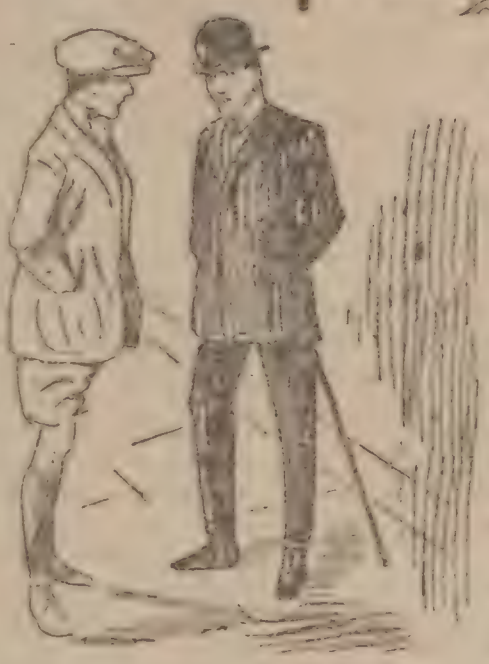
Women generally get off pretty lightly, because they can plead feminine forgetfulness and say that they have left their purse at home, but men are usually victimised to a lively tune, particularly if those selling the articles happen to be pretty girls.

It is seldom that one can pick up bargains at a bazaar, but it is nevertheless unnecessary to waste money.

You can support the object for which the bazaar is being held and at the same time get something that you want.

One of the best things that a man can buy, and one of the things that usually go there cheap, is a framed picture. The print itself is usually hideous, but it can readily be removed and replaced by something more sightly, and it will then be an ornament to the bedroom or the sitting-room of its purchaser.

SOME LEAGUE INCIDENTS



have much pleasure in giving following extracts from letters ...s have sent me. They ...o some extent the possi... of the League.

...rdance with my usual ...ce, I suppress the names of ... correspondents, and delete those ...rts of their letters which might ... to any recognition of their

... be lucky to hear from ... had ...ence, and they can ... meeting their com... in an equally confi... manner.—Editor.]

...KS FROM READERS' LETTERS.

"For some time past," writes a ...ester reader, "I have been taking a good ...t of interest in physical culture. I have to ...rt work at nine o'clock, which gives me time to ... and have a run before breakfast. ... while I have been a member of a ... club, but even that has not fed me up ... and it is my habit to do three or ... morning.

"... there runs I very frequently met a ... Seeing that he always ... at the same time, I supposed that he ... worker like myself, although much ... I took special notice of him because ... much like the ideal set up in your ...

"I never, of course, spoke to him, but I could ... that he began to notice me, and I have an ... that once or twice he wanted to speak, for I ... there he appeared to be ... of my method of exercising. ... himself in the same way as he ... course, circumstances made ... one.

THE ISSUE.

"... this morning business for a good ... your scheme, your League, and when ... I was one of the first to join. ... my badge I was so cocky about it ... to wear it all the time. It was one ... it reached me, and next morning I ... mind to wear it when I went ...

"... to have a sweater on, these cold ...; usually I do not trouble to put a tie ... the collar of it, but this morning I put on ... so as to be able to sport the League badge. ... was about a mile out of the town, on the ... journey, when I met the young chap on the ... that I mentioned. We passed by as usual. ... going along at a fair jog-trot, when I heard ... sound of a cantering horse behind me. As he ... alongside he pulled up and held out his ...

"... you!" he said. "I see you're a ... of the League, too!"

"... I looked at his tie. I saw that he ... a pin the same as mine.

"... a few days ago, and since then we ... several times to meet. I sometimes ... him, keeping pace with his horse, ... a capital thing to pull you out in ... He is a very nice chap, and does not seem ... me, in spite of being well-to-do. I ... and I will become good friends.

"... you might like to know the effect ... wearing of the League badge had. ... expected to meet anybody wearing a ... the first day, but you see I did."

... reader sends me the following letter: ... Englishman," he says, "although I ... from what they call here the cou... Capital of Scotland. Wolverhampton is where I hail from, and I was sorry to leave my old friends when I left to take up a position in Glasgow.

"The fellows up here are very fond of sport and all that, but it seemed difficult for me to make friends with them.

"Of course, I joined the League immediately you started it, and the same evening that I got the pin I went to a skating rink.

"I had not been on the go very long when a young chap came up to me and made some remark about the condition of the floor.

"'We are both members of the League, I see,' he said, glancing at my tie.

"We went round together once or twice, and presently some friends of his came in. He asked me to come over and be introduced to them, and I found them every bit as good as the pals I had left behind in Wolverhampton.

"It seems that he and most of his friends are in the Territorials, in a kilted regiment, and they tell me that I can join, even though I am an Englishman. I am thinking about doing so.

NEW FRIENDS.

"I am much obliged to you for founding a League that has put me in touch with the sort of friends I wanted to know, and I am sure that no one who is a member of your League need feel at a loss for friendship on arriving in a new town."

A Camberwell reader, who, in addition to his own name, gives me the nom-de-plume of "Vanman," sends me the following letter:

"You may like to know," he says, "something about my experiences after joining THE MODERN MAN League.

"I was out of work at the time your badge arrived, but it seemed to bring me good luck; by the same post I got a reply to an application I had made.

"The next morning I went to see about it. I was trying for a job as driver to a big laundry firm, and when I went to the yard I saw that there were a lot of other men waiting to see the manager.

A PLEASANT INTERVIEW.

"A clerk came to the office door and called out a name, and one fellow went in. By and by he called out another name, and I began to see that the men were being seen in the order that their names came in the alphabet. I was glad, because mine was pretty high up.

"After waiting about twenty minutes, my name was called and I went into the office. The manager was not the sort of man I had expected; he was quite young, about my own age, and I have since heard that he is a lieutenant in a Yeomanry regiment, and the son of the senior partner.

"I was wearing my League pin, and I hardly think I was pleased when I saw that he was wearing one also, for I thought he might think it swanky for me to be sporting a pin the same as him. They were just the same to look at; mine was only gilt, but I dare say his was a gold one.

"I turned out my references, and he had a look at them, and then he looked me all over, and I am pretty certain that he noticed the pin I was wearing, although I would not like to have pointed it out to him, or to have asked for anything because of it.

"He asked me some questions, and then he rang for a clerk and told him to send away the other men, as he had got suited.

"I am now driving a van for that company at good money, and I am always wearing my pin, for I am sure it was it that did the trick."

BAYONET PRACTICE.

A CAPITAL EXERCISE.

For those who may argue that fencing serves now no practical purpose, since gentlemen no longer carry swords, and points of honour are not settled at the point of steel, and for those who do not care for singlestick, there is one exercise which may be suggested to all who have a leaning towards soldiering.

It is one that can be turned to practical account, and can be made as fascinating as either fencing or singlestick—and that is bayonet exercise.

It is capital practice, and can be recommended to the Territorial, apart from ordinary drill.

In action at close quarters the bayonet is a useful weapon, and one skilled in its use can render a very good account of himself even if opposed by a man with a sword.

A good spring-bayonet rifle is all that is required in the way of equipment, though, of course, if preferred, or deemed necessary, the accoutrements of the fencer can be donned.

In practising, a large button must be put on the end of the bayonet and very firmly fixed, or disastrous results are almost certain.

All soldiers are supposed to know how to use the bayonet, but it is possible to do more than just know how to handle the weapon, and to become downright expert with it.

The first thing to learn is how to stand.

Hold the head up, expand the chest, and plant your feet apart, but not too far to interfere with perfect balance.

You must have a firm stand, but don't stand as if you were rooted to the ground, for everything depends on the rapidity of your advance and retreat.

Bayonet exercise differs from fencing and sword-play, because the weapon is held in both hands.

In delivering the point from guard keep your feet in position flat on the ground, straighten your right leg, bend your left knee, and advance.

Of necessity your left shoulder will be in advance of your right. Stretch your arms out on a level with your shoulders.

Hold the barrel of your rifle straight out with the point of your bayonet at your adversary's chest.

When you lunge, keep the sole of your right foot flat on the ground and advance your left.

Don't hesitate when you make a lunge. Be bold, and yet not too bold, for if you overreach yourself you are in great danger, as it is not easy to recover quickly.

In lunging you hold the rifle by the narrow part of the stock.

When your arm is stretched out fully, the point of your bayonet has reached the limit, so draw it back, regain possession of the barrel, and come into the "on guard" position again.

Your great object in a serious encounter is to keep your adversary at a distance.

Don't let the point of your bayonet wander.

Don't let your opponent get on your side of your point, if you can avoid it, for it will take you all your time to get out of difficulties. Aim straight for him.

There are low guards and high guards, but they really only comprise the points already given.

Bayonet exercise is taught and practised in nearly all gymnastic schools, and, of course, at all schools of arms.

Very showy displays of bayonet exercise have been given at military tournaments and on the music-halls, notably one by a lady in aid of the Balaclava anniversary of 1902.

To those who take up this form of physical exercise, let the word "thorough" be the motto. Every manœuvre should have a perfect finish.

The routine of drill is undoubtedly dull and tiring, but once the alphabet of the exercise is mastered the rest is easy, and bayonet exercise has so distinctly a military flavour and air about it that it must appeal to all who have a fancy to try soldiering.

J. G. HAYWARD.

Where Men Foregather

XXXVIII. — AT THE DANCE.

There are times when it seems that memory is, after all, a gift of the gods—times when a selection of music *tempo di valse* (even though it is merely a humble piano-organ that grinds it out) takes us back to some never-to-be-forgotten evening which, for all that it gave us then and has meant to us since, we have placed among the happiest of our lives.

Once again we see our noble selves as we were on that night, resplendent in an evening dress suit cut by a sartorial artist. Once again in imagination we button on the white kid gloves—so equivalent to "pulling up your socks" in the workaday world—and we are prepared for the fray. Dreams of the dance are pleasant dreams!

When the winter and the long nights are upon us, there is something good in being a "dancing man," whatever the station in life to which it has pleased Providence to call you.

From the invitation ball at some swagger house to the humbler "whist drive and dance"—ticket 2s. 6d.—the dancing man whose reputation does not savour of crushing the fair partner's shoes is in for what is popularly known as a "good time."

No dancing man worthy of the name has ever set out to the exclusive ball or the two-and-six-penny hop with any other intention.

THE VALUE OF VARIETY.

Variety, which is the spice of life, we are told, is the keynote of the ball-room. There are men who make it a rule to select a different partner for every dance, and others whose perception is so keen that they are careful to waltz with the same partner wherever possible, and leave her rigorously out of the set dances.

Above all things, your dancing man is a judge of character. He waltzes with the girl who is all romance, and goes in for the "Lancers" with a partner who does not object to being swung off her feet. "Romantic" partners do not care for this—or say they do not.

On the other hand, one does not want to be whirled through a waltz with an obvious "Lancers" style of partner, who delights in banging into crusty couples wherever possible.

Perhaps the worst ordeal at a ball for a man who is in any way afflicted by bashfulness is the "preliminary canter" thereof, when one goes round with a programme and books up dances.

BOOKING UP.

Giants of the football field are usually the least at home and the most nervous of all, as they stroll around miserably with the absurd little pencil on a silken cord attached to the dance programme.

Somehow the aforesaid giant of the football field feels instinctively that this is not his form. The man he can knock spinning when it is a case of going for him now is by for his superior at this game.

The aforesaid man, however, is often "kind" to the giant, and introduces him to a belle of the ball—then leaves him to stammer and get mixed up pretty considerably, so that he does not know whether he is down for the fourth waltz or the fourth extra.

Occasionally he gets reckless and falteringly inscribes his hieroglyphic between the lines in three places. Then he lurches away conscious that the lady's eyes are in the small of his back and that the very back of his neck is reddening.

He attempts to get out of this maze of beauty, but a ruthless M.C., knowing that the women, who are the same the world over, are certain to appreciate him for his strong, manly "good looks," grabs him and introduces him to several charmers in rapid succession.

Feeling instinctively that he will need some space during the evening to collect his scattered thoughts, he has the presence of mind to write B.S.—which all the world knows is "Miss Brandy and Soda"—against such few dances as are left blank.

Where possible he leaves early in the evening, and then mumbles vague formulas to the son of the hostess, or whoever may be the promoter of the dance, about a "ripping good time, thanks."

In the ball-room the man who can combine sparkling conversation with good dancing is certain of success. Between the dances one has to sit out with one's partner. Convention allows the young man no chance of dashing off to imbibe liquid refreshment, although he may have had to drag a somewhat "heavy" damsel through ten minutes of the "Merry Widow" that seemed more like unto ten years.

POSERS.

Here, again, the judge of temperament is to the fore. He must know particularly what *not* to talk about. It is admittedly awkward when the lady asks you what you think of Miss So-and-So's dress in tones that give no clue to whether she herself is a friend or an otherwise of Miss So-and-So's.

The safest thing at that time is to fall to sketching faces on the lady's programme. Dancing men with an eye for fiendish caricature are always more than popular, for women have a habit of preserving old dance programmes, and although they may destroy their love-letters those dance programmes are carefully stored away. It helps a lady to remember (for her husband's benefit) just whom she *might* have had.

THE YEOMANRY BALL.

But of all kinds of dances, high or middle class, it is safe to commend both sexes to the military ball. A trooper in any regiment of Yeomanry, for instance, looks forward to the regimental ball, and discusses it on drill nights for ever afterwards.

He arrives with the air of a captain of the Household Cavalry. He conducts himself during the evening faultlessly upon those lines. His dress uniform lends itself to the part.

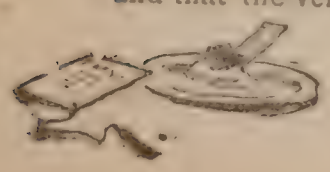
The committee of such a ball invite members of neighbouring Territorial units merely to have something to "cut out," and thus add to the dance the zest of competition—for your Yeoman is a sportsman before all things.

They are "great" nights indeed—those Regimental Balls—nights that make all the bygone terse remarks of the Sergeant-Major worth the bearing. Whirling around in the maze of waltzers you can forgive the little trouble you have had to go through to make you worthy of wearing your regiment's uniform. Saluting in the military two-step you may be frivolous enough to wink at your smiling partner.

But there is one dance of the evening which you mean to go with a merry swing. You semaphore across the ante-room between the dances to three of your best friends to make up your "set."

The orchestra tunes up—and now for the dear old Lancers—the best dance of all.

PETER GILCHRIST.



THE CONFESSIONS OF A B...

A BIT OF INTROSPECTION.

It is a terrible fate to be set down ... fellow-men as boorish, but it is worse to ... you deserve the epithet.

That is the trouble with me. Heaven k... mean well, but that is about the worst ... can be said of any man, and there is no d... in many respects I do fail lamentably.

It is not so much that I say the wrong ... the wrong time, but somehow I never ... right one.

It always occurs to me about five minut... wards—it may have been an obviously ... compliment, or it may have been ... pleasant remark or a smart repartee to ... banality, which instead of making the othe... want to kick himself for saying anything ... might have made him think he had ... thing rather clever.

No, I am no conversationalist. I ... and I can't express my emotions—I am ... to try to do so in any other way but in w...

I do sometimes let myself go on ... anyone laughs at me, I shall not ... so, and I get along fairly well so ... re-read what I have written. If I do, I ...

I remember once reading a "p... did not answer to the stock ... heavenly tale with no earthly meaning ... the story, but I know it had something ... cats, and was called "Purr when you ...

Now I can't purr when I am pleased, ... how I'm not built that way. I enjoy ... thoroughly on the whole, but I often ... contrive to show when I am enjoying ... than usual. I am so much afraid of appe... "gush" or to be over-enthusiastic that I ... often disappoint my friends—or at least the... do not know me well enough not to expect ... not showing the signs of pleasure they ... and all too often, I fear, I seem to be ungr... for things they have done for me.

If only I could tell them what I ... can't, I never could put my feelings into w...

That is where the really sensitive man ... He can tell you his own feelings ... intensely, and he can put a world of mea... what he says. It is only natural, there... he should think that others are made of the ... stuff, and that he should read hidden mea... that were never intended into what we hear ... or worse still, into what we do not say.

Yet even the boor is sometimes ... than he gets credit for. He suffers the ... knowing that he has given offence, and being ... unaware of how he has done so, or what ... said that has touched his friend on the raw ... he may blurt out something that, almost as ... as he has said it, he sees may cause annoy... I used vainly to imagine that reserve was ... form of self-restraint, and that a little shyn... no bad thing in a man's character, but ... learnt by bitter experience to envy the man ... can let himself go.

It is not sufficient, if you would attain ... ness, to say only half what you mean; you ... got to say it all, and a great many more ... that you do not mean.

"Do unto others as you would they sho... unto you" is an excellent maxim, but it ... carried too far. There is nothing the re... man hates more than anything in the sha... fuss, nothing that gets on his nerves quic... adulation or "gush." There are s... which he does not care to talk about ... because he holds them too sacred or to... shyness prevents him.

But to many his silence seems like in... the true friendship that never comes to the ... seems like antipathy, and since it is to his ... friends and those who are dearest to him that ... deems it least necessary to make any ... show of his feelings, he lays himself open ... loss of what he values most in the world.

And, worse than all, he has the scant ... tion of knowing that it is his own fault.

F. E...

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

ON GUARD

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

"It is a maxim of the Territorial Force that the peace training of troops must be regulated by their duties in war—truly a noble idea, which would probably be of some material use if it were followed out to the letter.

But young blood, which is as notorious for its recklessness in times of peace as for its hot-headed courage and miraculous initiative on more trying occasions, works by no hard set rule or system that was ever made by man or the War Office.

"Drill is at camp, if reckoned as training sufficiently inadequate to teach the young idea how to shoot for itself in time of war, are futile."

Thus, in flowery language, spake one, Sergeant Harry Grant, known for some unearthly reason as "Murgatroyd."

"You shut up, Murgatroyd," said a youth of fair but freckled complexion. "Remember *I* was with you."

"Shall I ever forget it?" observed the Sergeant, dejectedly. "Will that—oh—*'orrible* night ever fade from my memory? It's a month since I left, but even now I wake up in a cold sweat, with the whistles twittering in my ear:

"'Come and do your duty, boys;
Come an' do your guard.

"It's very easy, and it isn't very hard!'"

We were in the Territorial Club Room. The Sergeant put his hands over his ears as his friend with the freckled face whistled the call joyously.

"Don't," he said. "Don't! It takes me back——"

His voice was tragic.

"Back to one of the best nights *I* ever spent at camp," said Private Dooley, with considerable sarcasm.

"If you go on in that strain, my young friend," said the Sergeant, "and then wait until I take you for half-company drill, my noble self in supreme command of the raw recruits and the wicked old soldiers like yourself, you old sporting life, over that guard!"

"The trouble," observed Private Dooley to me, "is that Murgatroyd has got too sensitive a nature. They must have talked the pluck out of him when he was a recruit. (Talked? They *can* talk in their regiment!) You see, Murgatroyd has got hold of queas. He reckoned that we were going to follow regulations to the letter—no coughin' in the guard tent, privates requested to shut up when spoken to an' all that! Didn't you, Murgatroyd?"

Murgatroyd scowled, the Sergeant looked sullen, and I said nothing.

"Ah!! Pity he's so drunk. (That's *my* opinion, you've done hackin' it, Murgatroyd.)" Private Dooley went on. "you can bet we kept in the guard tent on that dark and stormy night like so many Indian fakirs, strictly to our duty, which, being the relief, was to sleep. Now, the relief never sleeps. That's only a popular fallacy. The thing is to sleep on your feet like a Roman soldier on a spear when on guard.

"Four of us, of course, were in the guard tent, Murgatroyd there (pity he's so bad-tempered) in the lofty position of commanding officer. First thing you chaps can do,' says Murgatroyd, when he told off the other chaps—that is he placed 'em just where they could think on the right of the camp—'is to have

"Conky with a big nose, nicknamed Conky, produces a pack of cards in his cloak pocket and says two words to the assembled company:

"'Pontoon!'

"'Pontoon, you don't,' says Murgatroyd, with a look of joy at the birth of a joyful smile of sweet contempt on the faces of Private Conky and young Everett.

"'This here's a bloomin' guard—not a card party,' says Murgatroyd, after an all-round glare. And Conky didn't say anything—merely stroked his nose—rather a long job, I can assure you.

"'You never were much good at solo, were you, Sergeant?' he says, kinder reminiscent-like. 'I remember once up at the club when you led off a misère hand with the ten of hearts and expected it to go round—first time, too.'

"Now, Murgatroyd there—pity he's been crossed in love lately—is, I say it to his face, no particular hand at any game of skill bar tiddley-winks, but on solo whist he reckoned he was the 'Book of Rules' and 'How to Play Solo Whist' combined.

"'Private Buck,' he says—that was Conky's maiden name—'if you and your misguided pals will not mind losin' your money on this Government bed blanket, by the light of yon gathering candle in the safety lamp, I'll show you *how* to play solo whist, and the stakes shall *not* be one, two, three, in pennies either!'

"They were *not*. It was the chink of hard-earned silver that made the man outside, Private Percy Barnard, poke his head in the tent, with the bland request for someone to take his place while he had just *one* hand.

"Murgatroyd there—pity his mother didn't give him a better-lookin' face—went salmon-pink.

"'What cheek!' he says. 'What hoodooed balderdash,' an' so on. 'Get outside at once, you dissolute swashbuckler!' (That is merely the sense of what he said—I'm not givin' the exact words. It says 'Bad language prohibited' on that card there, you will note.)

"Percy goes out sudden-like, only pausing to say he would have his *own* back.

"'You've already got it, old sport,' says Murgatroyd, 'so go off and scratch it. *I'm* going solo, gentlemen!'

"Well, he was goin' bad, and looked like makin' two under tricks, when suddenly we heard the squeaky voice of our youngest, latest, and most idiotic Second-Lieutenant conversin' with Private Barnard.

"You could hear his voice plain as a gramophone with a scratchy record. He was the most nervous child of the aristocracy that ever buckled on a tin sword.

"'Look here,' he says to Barnard, 'I'm what they call Visiting Rounds, I think. What does one do next?'

"Now, any other private, born with a smatterin' of common-sense, would have kidded the aforesaid sprig of incompetency to do anything but disturb four gentlemen at a quiet game of cards.

"'Why, turn out the guard, of course, sir,' says Barnard. His voice wafted to us on what the poets call the chill night air.'

"'Oh, curse!' says everyone but Murgatroyd, and immediately there was a scramble to pick up the cards, hands and made tricks bein' slammed together in one jumble and stuffed under the blanket in double-quick time.

"Two minutes later it was 'Visiting Rounds, guard, turn out!' followed by the farce of inspection by the 'orribly nervous Second-Lieutenant Fiske.

"Then, when we'd got settled again, Barnard looks in.

"'That paid you out, old Murgatroyd,' he says pleasantly. "P'raps, another time, you'll be civil to a pal.'

"'Pal!' says old Murgatroyd, offering him his hand. 'You're the best pal I've had for years. You upset us in the middle of a hand, and I was just losin' by sheer hard luck the trickiest solo call you ever saw. Saved me two an' fourpence, boy. Thanks, and good evenin', Private Barnard!'

"The rule in guard tents, of course, is to consider interrupted hands void, but it results in cursin' on the part of the probable winner or winners on the shuffle. It was some time before Murgatroyd could explain how he expected to make his two small hearts and possibly get home on the last three cards by superior finesse.

"When he had finished, I had a run of luck.

"After I had got home three solo calls in succession, it occurs to him to go out and look up Barnard and see if he had anything to report.

"Three minutes later he comes back, sayin' that all his efforts had been in vain to get Private Barnard, who was supposed to be slumberin' on guard, out of Corporal Thaxter's tent, where six men were playin' ha'penny nap. (Oh, he was hot on cards, was old Barnard!)

"We were roaring when Murgatroyd returned. You see, we'd caught scraps of Barnard's repartee, for Thaxter's tent was near ours.

"'That's what comes of playing the fool,' says Murgatroyd. 'You make yourself sociable to the men and they take advantage of you to act the giddy goat, first opportunity. Well, in for a penny in for a pound. Dish 'em round, Dooley,' he says.

"I dished 'em round accordingly. It was my call—a hand like a foot, *I* had.

"'Pass,' says I.

"'Prop,' says Everett.

"'Solo!' Conky shrieks, 'and I've got you devils set this time!'

"'Have you, by George?' says old Murgatroyd. 'No, you blinkin' card-sharpers, you haven't, because I'm goin' ——'

"That was just as far as he got, that '*I'm* goin' ——'

"It was the bat-like squeak of Second-Lieutenant Fiske that fell on our startled ears in the stillness of the outside dark. (How's that?)

"Barnard! I *say*, Private Barnard! When the deuce *are* you, Barnard?

"'You go and fry your feet!' came the lovely tones of Private Barnard's voice. 'I know you, Murgatroyd! You never heard the wretched little Fiske say "Where the deuce" in his little life. Dam bad imitation. Dam bad!'

"'I tell you I am Lieutenant Fiske, and you're to come out of that tent at once!'

"'What a blinkin' owl you are,' we heard old Barnard say. 'Little Fiske never gave an order unless he had a book in his hand to read it out of. But I'll say this for you, Murgatroyd, you're doing it better now.'

"We could hear little Fiske almost choking with anger and sayin' 'demmit all' in his funny way.

"'*Do* go away and try higher up!' says Barnard.

"'I shall turn out the guard!' little Fiske yells. 'I *shall!*'

"All Charlie Thaxter's tent roared.

"'We must put up the cards!' hissed Conky, makin' a grab for and exposin' half Murgatroyd's hand promptly. But he was only just in time.

"'Ah, this *is* insolence!' said little Fiske, puttin' his head through the flap. 'Turn out the guard and arrest Private Barnard for insubordination!'

"You should have seen Barnard's face when we lugged him out."

"Surely," I observed, "it was sweet revenge for Murgatroyd under the circumstances."

For once the Sergeant condescended to notice our existence.

"Revenge?" he laughed bitterly. "Revenge? I had a cast-iron abundance on trumps—eleven hearts and two aces. Never was such a cert. in solo whist void by the rules! Catch *me* playin' again in the guard tent! I think *not!*"

BLACK ON THE LINKS.

THE TRAGEDY OF A GOLF MANIAC.

Black is the strangest contradiction you ever came across.

He never showed the slightest aptitude or liking for games of any sort up to the present.

He still has no aptitude, but he has developed a liking.

As for sports, they were sheer waste of time and money—so he always vociferated. Yes, that's the right word to use—Black never speaks.

He has a very loud voice ; even his whisper is a shout.

Black never could be induced to go to a football match. Tennis he abhorred, and he had a fine contempt for hockey.

Judge of our amazement to find him blossoming out into a full-grown golf maniac.

Black is not married. Those of his friends who happen to be, attribute his cranks to that fact.

I don't know—the golf fever may take a man at any age. Childhood is not exempt from it, and old age can catch it.

The married men find the links a haven where curtain lectures cannot trouble them, and the bachelor finds in the game a most exacting substitute for a wife.

Black's costume is fearfully and wonderfully made. However, no one can possibly mistake him for anything but a golfer, even before he opens his mouth or makes a "drive."

I don't care to see a chap label himself like that.

As for his outfit, one would think he was forming a golfer's museum. He has clubs of all sorts and sizes—heavy and light, of wood and of iron—and balls galore !

A good player ? Bless you, he is the bane of every green-keeper in the Land o' Cakes. Drives as if he were going to make a tunnel to the Antipodes. Cuts up the turf worse than an army of moles.

There isn't one who doesn't think Black ought to have stuck to the "baffy," and that it's a pity that iron clubs ever came into favour, as far as he is concerned.

Black has an idiosyncrasy that he is ambi-dextrous, so he uses a left-handed club with disastrous results, for as he is a duffer with the right, he is a positive danger with the left.

He talks about his swing, and all I've ever seen him do is to miss whatever he aims at.

But to make up for this, he talks golf, to say nothing of what he swears.

For a good hard-swearing game there's nothing on this earth beats golf.

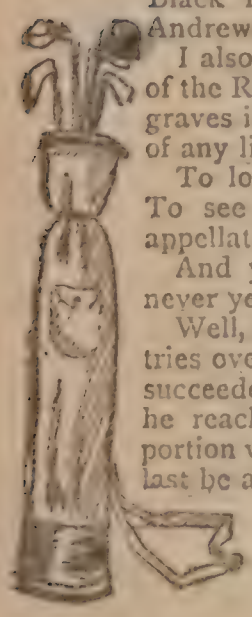
Black's caddie has a lively time, you may bet. I think he picks up a few more swear words each time Black visits the links.

Perhaps the showers of sand obliterate the words, or else Black's recording Angel is kept extra busy those days.

But when Black plays on a green there is nearly as much danger of his scorching the grass as there is a certainty of his damaging it with his wild strokes.

Black has all the jargon of the game at the tip of his tongue. He is likewise full of personal anecdotes. And these anecdotes are all true, only, you see, they don't happen to be true of him !

To watch Black go round the links is to have a practical lesson on how not to do it. I think Black has broken more rules than even Saint Andrews can frame.



I also fancy that the dead-and-gone champions of the Royal and Ancient Game would turn in their graves if any of them chanced to lie in the vicinity of any links where Black plays.

To look at, Black merits the title of a golfer. To see him play is to realise his right to the appellation of duffer.

And yet Black is always lamenting that he never yet has had a chance of playing "his game."

Well, I don't know anyone who has had more tries over that game than Black, and if he has not succeeded yet, I think he will have to wait until he reaches the Elysian fields, where, perhaps, a portion will be set aside for golf, and Black will at last be able to play "his game."

SIGISMUND SMITH.

A MAN'S TEARS

"Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes." —TENNYSON.

When a woman or a child cries it may be but an incident in comedy or even farce, but behind the tears of a man there is always tragedy.

It is one of the blessings for which womankind have to be thankful, that the floodgates of their grief are easily opened, and "a good cry" is to them the most natural form of relief.

Yet even with them when the sorrow is almost past enduring, tears come less readily. It is the petty trials of life that cause a woman to weep—"like summer tempest come her tears"—but in face of great trouble the relief of tears is often denied her.

With man it is different. Is there anything quite so tragic in this world as the sobs of a strong man that seem to shake his very soul, or the silent tears that he cannot fight down ?

Most men could count on their fingers the times when they have wept, since first they came to man's estate, and in nine cases out of ten each marks a tragedy.

The man who can stand by the graveside of one he has loved, and hear the exquisitely pathetic, simple words of the Burial Service read and yet remain dry-eyed is either less or more than a man. Fight as he will, Nature must have her way, and Nature's safety valve is tears. He must weep or he must die.

It is at such moments that man comes face to face with his own impotence, his utter subjection to the decrees of Fate. It is the knowledge that he is powerless to recall the lost one, that he is helpless, alone, and that he can but bow to the will of God, that is the real cause of his grief.

And so it is with the bitter tears of the man who has realised at last that he has made a wreck of his life. Tears of repentance they may be, but they are shed for the lost opportunities that cannot be called back, for the sins committed that cannot be undone.

And perhaps those are the most tragic tears of all. Most men are ashamed to weep, but need a man be ashamed of such tears as these ? No matter how they may have been called forth, they mean the beginning of better things. They are the hot, scalding tears that a man sheds when he is alone, and no earthly friend can comfort him.

Yet he whose emotions never find free play misses half of what life has to give. Paradoxical as it may seem, it needs but a moment's thought to realise that there is a species of something akin to pleasure in having one's emotions stirred, even by poignant grief. There seems to be something in the woman's panacea of "a good cry" after all.

What is it but the knowledge of this that takes men and women to see tragedies and melodramas on the stage that bring a lump to the throat and tears to the eyes, that call forth the finest emotions of sympathy, and more, for each of the spectators is really putting himself into the character he sees represented.

It is to this that the serious drama owes half its popularity, more especially in England. The Britisher, who so rarely gives his own emotions free play yet loves to have them stirred for him, is always ready and willing to be harrowed.

So it is with some men in the physical sphere ; they will not take the trouble to exercise their bodies themselves, but prefer to entrust them to motor-cars and carriages, or they will suffer themselves to be tossed about and whirled around in all the weird inventions of perverted ingenuity that are to be found in fairs and exhibitions.

They want the s[illegible] of speed or some[illegible] physical emotion. [illegible] energy that gives [illegible] must not be their o[illegible]

So it is with the [illegible] is moved to tears [illegible] pathy, but in a fa[illegible] sense. His emotio[illegible] stirred by the suffe[illegible] others, and that may [illegible] elsewhere than [illegible] darkened auditor[illegible] theatre.

One of the [illegible] nant verses, as it [illegible] shortest, in the Bib[illegible] sists of two words : [illegible] wept."

And they were [illegible] sympathy.

"Talk not of g[illegible] thou hast seen the [illegible] warlike men"—the [illegible] were written by a woman, and there is [illegible] of truth in them.

A woman's tears may be likened to a s[illegible] tempest, but a man's tears a blinding [illegible] hurricane.

JOHN GER[illegible]

THE MODERN MAN LEA[illegible]

We are more than gratified at the [illegible] the League which we have founded. [illegible] benefit of new readers we may as well t[illegible] what membership of the League means :

(1) The promotion of good sportsm[illegible] good fellowship throughout the len[illegible] breadth of the country.

(2) The cure for loneliness, for men[illegible] the privilege of speaking to one [illegible] without further introduction, and [illegible] visiting a strange town is therefore a [illegible] of meeting other men who are intere[illegible] the same things as himself.

(3) The formation of friendships arisin[illegible] such casual meetings.

We would point out that in con-nection with the League there is no question of social distinction. We have already dispatched badges to clergymen, officers of the Territorial Force, doctors, gamekeepers, grooms, clerks—in fact it would be difficult to find a trade or profession which is not represented in THE MODERN MAN League.

The bond of union is sportsmanship in the highest sense—not necessarily active participation in sport, but the love of it, the appreci[illegible] open air, of physical life and of gene[illegible] ness. These things are what draw our together, and they are stronger than a[illegible] distinction. In a word, the members League are MEN.

Badges of membership are supplied fr[illegible] from this office at the following cut[illegible] prices. We guarantee that they are [illegible] of British manufacture, and that no hard[illegible] been inflicted upon anyone connected [illegible] making of them.

Gilt tie-pin, 6d.
Gilt lapel or cap-badge, 6d.
Gilt pendant for watch-chain, 6d.
Solid silver tie-pin, 1s.
Solid silver lapel or cap-badge, 1s.
Solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1[illegible]
9-ct. gold tie-pin or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin or pendant, 12s.

Jot down the style of badge you want, [illegible] full name and address, and post your [illegible] us accompanied with a Postal Order [illegible] price of the badge you select. Addr[illegible] on this matter to "The Editor, THE MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, [illegible] and write the word "League" on the [illegible] hand corner of your envelope.

Should The F.A. Have Its Own Ground?

A MATTER OF IMPORTANCE TO ALL WHO ARE INTERESTED IN OUR GREATEST WINTER PASTIME.

The announcement that the Crystal Palace may be found up is once more [illegible] to the front the [illegible] of having a national Association football ground for the greatest struggle of the year. It is true the authorities have made a renewed offer, but this time there are other competitors in Chelsea and the Stadium—who have also [illegible].

[illegible] question is being discussed, and that [illegible] and it is the desirability of the authorities having a ground of its own. [illegible] that the Rugby Union have a splendid [illegible] at Twickenham, a good many think that the Association might very well make a similar [illegible].

The Marylebone Cricket Club possesses not only a ground but has also business premises [illegible] everything relating to cricket can be carried [illegible].

NEED FOR HEADQUARTERS.

Why should not our leading winter pastime be housed and located at headquarters worthy [illegible] and name? There can be no doubt that High Holborn, is very convenient, but, [illegible] all, the property is only rented, and the time may come when an international headquarters of Association football government might be well established.

There need be no doubt whatever as to the amount of play possible. In the first place, international games could be played there, and this would be a big source of revenue, and fixtures like England v. Scotland, or an International League match would attract a very large crowd indeed. Moreover, we should have the trial games between North and South, or between East and West. There is an increasing number of amateur Internationals, and London is a very convenient centre [illegible].

There is another class of matches which could very well be played upon a ground that is [illegible]. I refer to the Cup Ties. Many clubs [illegible] to draw twice with their opponents, and a ground of this sort would be very useful indeed [illegible] a neutral arena is wanted. This would still [illegible] the attraction, and as players became accustomed to it, I am sure that they would welcome [illegible] promise of a ground of their own.

POSSIBILITIES.

Add to this the fact that with a permanent [illegible] ground there would be accommodation of a fitting [illegible] description, and it will be seen that from the point [illegible] view of comfort and convenience nothing more could be desired. I am sure it would pay for [illegible] over and over again.

[illegible] the Palace grounds come into the market, I [illegible] there might be an opportunity to secure [illegible] and there is ample accommodation.

[illegible] railway or electric tram ran direct to [illegible] perhaps, all things considered, these [illegible] better than the Chelsea ground or [illegible] enclosure. All these grounds [illegible] claim, and West Londoners are [illegible] about the two latter.

[illegible] popular exhibition was going on next door, [illegible] the Stadium would in many ways be ideal; but, if it should happen that future so-called Imperial Exhibitions were a failure, then I think it would be a risky experiment.

Formerly the Final used to be played at the Oval, and it was at Kennington Oval that the first game took place between Queen's Park, Glasgow, who met the celebrated Wanderers, and the result was a draw.

There they played another great club, the Royal Engineers. At that time the income of the leading Scottish clubs was only £6 a year.

On the same historic ground the first International match took place, and for England J. C. Clegg, now the Chairman of the Association, was playing.

For several years the Cup Tie was played at the Oval, the last game taking place in 1892, when West Bromwich Albion beat Aston Villa.

MEMORIES OF THE OVAL.

It was there that Blackburn Rovers won the Cup no fewer than five times, and also there that the Blackburn Olympic, a team of simple working men, beat the Old Etonians; and since that day amateur football has not done very much so far as England is concerned against professionals.

It is true that all Internationals are not played in London—though they might well be. But a ground properly equipped, and with large offices, would serve for meetings connected with the game.

The Stadium has considerable claims to consideration as a possible ground for the Association owing to the splendid seating accommodation.

Every spectator would get a clear view of the whole ground and would see the match in far greater comfort than was possible at the Palace.

Whatever be the place decided on, however, the desirability of the Association having a ground of its own is clear.

WALTER BULL
(Tottenham Hotspur).

HORSESHOES.

Most of us see a good many horseshoes every day, but yet how few of us know exactly how they are put on! How many men, for instance, who ride frequently, have noticed that it is the custom in England to shoe riding horses with two clips on the hind hoofs instead of one as with a draught horse? The object presumably is to minimise the chance of the shoe being knocked back when going over rough country, and also that of over-reaching.

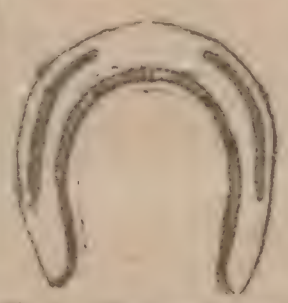


Fig. 1.—Plain toe-fullered shoe.

The clip is the triangular piece of iron that is turned up in front of the shoe, and is let in to the horse's hoof.

Figure 1. shows an ordinary draught horse's shoe with six nail holes as always. These are set in grooves known as "fullering." The object of this is to give a better grip and to make the shoe lighter, but it wears quicker, and is apt to prevent the nails being driven home.

Figure 2 shows a section of a horse's foot, and how the horny part of the hoof, which is in reality only a narrow casing, is fitted on to it. This casing is joined on to the sensitive part of the foot by means of fleshy "leaves," which dovetail in with horny leaves.

The only part of the hoof into which a nail can be driven to fix the shoe is the "wall," which grows downwards from the coronet. This is only just wide enough to take a narrow farrier's nail, and these are levelled at the point, so that, if put in the right way, they will come out through the wall at a point just below the Figure 7 in the diagram.

Fig. 2.—Section of horse's foot.
(1) Pedal bone. (2) Short pastern bone. (3) Long pastern bone. (4) Navicular bone. (5) Tendons. (6) Coronary band. (7) Wall. (8) Frog. (9) Cushion of heel. (10) Sole. (11) White line.

If set the wrong way it will turn inwards, pierce the "white line," and injure the sensitive fleshy leaves.

The points are then clenched by being hammered downwards into a nick that has been prepared for them in the surface of the wall, and until the clench "rises" or the nails break the shoe is fast.

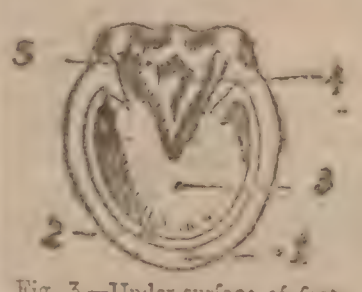


Fig. 3.—Under-surface of foot.
(1) Wall. (2) White line. (3) Sole. (4) Cleft of frog. (5) Frog.

The frog, of which the formation is best seen in Figure 3, is of a softer kind of horn than the wall, and is of the consistency of india-rubber. This is only cut just as much as is necessary to trim off the ragged edges, and if a nail is picked up in it the horse will very soon go lame.

If the nail penetrates as far as the tiny navicular bone, it is very liable to set up the incurable disorder known as navicular disease.

The frog has the effect of giving a grip on the ground. For horses with a heavy load behind them, however, an extra grip is often given by means of "calkins." These are projections made by turning down the heels of the shoe, as shown in Figure 4. But it is doubtful whether the expedient is a satisfactory one. It seems very much akin to women's high-heeled shoes, and unless the toe is thickened, as in the sketch, the foot is given an unnatural position.

Fig 4.—Shoe with calkin and thick toe.

There are many and varied kinds of shoes, by means of which the farrier can cure certain defects or avoid the possibility of the many diseases to which the delicate organism of a horse's hoof is subject.

One of these is shown in Figure 5. It is known as a "feather-edged" or "knocked-up" shoe. It has the inner branch of the "web," or sole of the shoe, considerably narrowed from toe to heel, and it also slopes inwards under the hoof. This is used for a horse which "brushes," or touches the side of one leg with the other as it comes forward.

Very often, especially on light riding horses, a "tip" is used instead of a full-sized shoe. This is semi-circular, and only covers the toe, so that the frog is brought to the ground.

Shoes from which the heel is removed on one side only are often used to relieve corns, the seat of which is in the angle of the heel, where the wall turns in towards the frog.

A "seated" shoe is one with the bearing surface narrowed so as to come into contact with the wall alone. This is used when the sole is flat and not arched as it should be.

Fig 5.—Feather-edged shoe.

M. H. ALLAN.

FRETWORK.

AN ARTISTIC EVENING HOBBY.

Fret-cutting is nothing more nor less than the sawing out of patterns from a background of wood.

It is not difficult to learn, neither is it an expensive hobby, and certainly with autumn closing in upon us and the prospect of long winter nights before us, one might do worse than take up so pleasant a fireside occupation as the gentle art of fretwork.

Many firms make a speciality of sending out parcels containing a splendid assortment of ready-planed seasoned woods, and as these are ready for immediate use the novice should make a point of securing one—especially as the price is generally very moderate.

Before mentioning the tools, which can be obtained at prices ranging from about a shilling up to a sovereign, mention had better be made of the up-to-date fretwork machines. By means of these work is easier, but they are expensive to buy and take up room, and like all machinery they create a noise.

However, if the amateur intends to make his hobby a lasting one, he may as well invest in a really good machine.

Sets of tools can be easily procured, and a hand frame is absolutely necessary. Proper fret-saws are to be bought for very little, and a bradawl, several files, some sand paper, and a drill will complete the list of essentials.

If the novice is lucky enough to have a workshop fitted up with a carpenter's bench, so much the better ; but an ordinary strong table will serve all purposes.

As regards the woods best adapted for fret-cutting, there is a vast variety to choose from.

Satin walnut is a fine wood for the novice, and white maple also. Oak is rather hard to cut, and so is rosewood, so that these had better be left until practice has made cutting easy.

Now for the design. Don't attempt too ornate and ambitious a design. Go slow.

You can buy patterns of all kinds. The method of transferring the design, which is most generally adopted, is to paste it upon the wood. Or it can be traced on the wood itself by means of carbon paper.

Do not on any account be persuaded to buy warped or twisted wood on account of getting it cheap.

When you commence, it is a wise plan to cut the interior first and finish with the outside, though some workers do just the opposite. However, this is after all a matter for individual taste and habit.

One more hint, and then it will be possible to get on to the articles which can be made in fretwork. What you cut, cut clean, leaving no jags or fragments.

A cabinet with fretwork panels is a handsome piece of furniture, but beyond the skill of the novice.

However, there are many smaller articles which he can make, even at the outset of his fretworking career.

A glove box or one for cigars is a very easy thing to manage.

By an expert with carpenter's tools the box is easily put together, if not, the different parts can be glued.

A photo-frame presents no great difficulty, and offers a wide field for imaginative and artistic talents.

A wall-bracket or calendar makes a useful present. It looks very well either in dark walnut or sycamore.

If you have chosen a design in which leaves form a prominent part, you can either cut the veins in the leaves or use a proper veining tool. The latter perhaps will be best for the novice to use.

As regards finishing the article, it may be French polished, but it is a tedious process, and therefore it will be better to fume it, or, if preferred, rub it well with fine sand-paper to throw up the polish.

S. D. WORLOCK.

MY NOTEBOOK.

PROGRESS OF THE LEAGUE.

I am more than happy to say that the support given to THE MODERN MAN League has been most satisfactory.

I thought it would go well, but it went a good deal better than even I anticipated ; hence the delay in delivering badges, for which I have already apologised.

The arrangements I have now made will ensure, I think, that in future badges of membership will be dispatched promptly to those readers who apply for them.

I would draw your attention particularly to an article which appears on another page, giving you some slight idea of the possibilities for friendship in a League of this character.

SOME QUESTIONS.

Various points have been raised by readers, which I may as well deal with here.

One asks me whether it is allowable for him to wear a tie-pin, and also a pendant on his watch-chain.

Not only is it allowable, but I think it is highly advisable. The pendants look very neat, but they are not readily observed, and you are scarcely likely to be greeted by a fellow-member while wearing a badge that does not catch his eye.

I have also been asked whether these badges are being produced abroad. The correspondent in question suggests that they must be of German manufacture, because they are so cheap.

Let him take my word for it that they are British right through.

They are being manufactured specially for me in one the best-equipped and most up-to-date factories in Birmingham.

A SPECIAL WHISTLE.

A Nottingham reader makes a suggestion which I intend to act upon.

"Don't you think," he says, "that it would be a very good thing if we had some sort of whistle in connection with THE MODERN MAN League? You could publish the notes of it in the paper, and those of us who cannot read music could get one of our friends to play it over for us till we picked it up. Let it be something short and out of the common.

"Most chums have some sort of private whistle by which one can announce to the other that he is in the vicinity, and I think it would be very nice for you to give us a few catchy notes that might be whistled by any members of the League when they wanted to use this kind of signal."

I have in my mind a whistle that I consider would be most suitable, and next week I shall give a diagram showing the notes of it.

SOMETHING I NEED NOT ASK.

Various members of the League have suggested to me—and it is very kind of them to do so—that I should make it a condition that all joining the League would pledge themselves to buy two copies of the paper each week and give away the extra copy to some non-reader.

If any member cares to follow out this very generous idea, I shall, of course, have no objection to offer, but I should never dream of making it a condition of membership.

As I said before, most leagues established by papers are run on mercenary lines, merely to advertise the publication concerned. I do not want THE MODERN MAN to deteriorate into a thing of that description, and therefore I do not impose any such arbitrary condition upon those who care to join it.

Nor need I do so.

The personal support that has been given to me by my readers has been the chief reason for the success of this paper. There seems to be something about THE MODERN MAN that, when once a fellow gets to like it, compels him to [illegible] good word for it wherever he can.

It is this personal recommendation [illegible] made the paper what it is, and I can rely upon [illegible] friends to give it to me without asking them to.

HELPING ME.

There is one little point, however, which I might as well discuss. It is one which is raised by a Leeds member in Newcastle.

"I think it would be as well," he says, "if you would tell us how best to help you to increase the circulation. We are not, you know, in the trade, and, with the very best of intentions, it may happen that we put our foot in it. If you would give a hint as to what you would like done, I am sure one will be very happy to assist you in any way."

I am not asking you to do what I am about to suggest.

You have had your paper and you have paid for it, and there our mutual obligation ends. What more you do for me is a personal favour which I have no right to ask, and which I therefore do not ask. I am merely following my correspondent's suggestion by telling you the best way in which you can help me if you feel disposed to do so.

I am sorry to say that there are still many newsagents who do not exhibit my posters, and who do not, in fact, take any particular interest in the paper.

If you would, I should be happy for you to speak to your newsagent about THE MODERN MAN. Get him interested in the paper, get him, if possible, to read some article in it, and get him to show the poster.

I believe that my posters are among the most attractive in the trade, and experiment has proved that they pull business wonderfully when they are put up.

If you can get your newsagent to display a poster, it may be the means of securing a dozen new readers, which is probably a better result than you could obtain by simply recommending it to your acquaintances.

POSTERS.

He may say, by the way, that he does not receive a poster with his papers. If he buys eight copies or more, he will find a poster amongst them. If not, I am willing to have a poster sent at my own expense each week direct from this office to any newsagent who cares to have it.

If, therefore, your newsagent says that he does not get a poster, you have your answer to him here.

Tip me a card with his address, and I shall do the rest, and shall feel very much indebted to you for your trouble.

I hope I have not been boring you with details of my own business, but I know that there are many who, like my Newcastle reader, will be only too pleased to help me now that they know how to do it.

Hence this information.

BLESS 'EM ALL.

I have had many pleasant surprises in connection with the paper's birthday — photographs and kind remembrances from my readers—but the least surprising, and certainly one of the most gratifying evidences of popularity, has been the number of letters I have received from new supporters.

As I have already said, there are many readers who are thorough sportsmen, and, therefore, do not mind reading the paper ; I am happy to think that I have never printed anything unsuitable for them to see.

I fear that it is beyond my power to correspond with them specially, and I shall not attempt to do so, but so long as they are satisfied with the paper I provide, I welcome their esteemed support.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

ONLY A TRAMP.

A SKETCH.

The rain fell in torrents from a sky black and lowering as the face of her whom men call Fortune when that capricious goddess ceases to smile on them.

He was weary, penniless, and miserable, of no more account than the driftwood rising and falling on the big waves out beyond the great cliffs only a few miles distant.

He could hear the booming of the sea as he sat and cowered under the hedge.

The raindrops fell thick and fast on his apology for a cap, trickling down on what once was an overcoat.

He was a tramp.

But even tramps come to the end of their journey.

The rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and out in the dark sky little silver lamps made their appearance.

And the scent of decaying leaves came to him, as well as the rich perfume of damp earth going up to heaven, the incense of gratitude from the ground.

He looked up at the sky.

And he looked back at a wasted life.

He saw himself, the lad who had broken his mother's heart, the man who had come into his inheritance only to work havoc with all the riches of manhood.

He shivered, for out of the myriad shadows of the lanes and woods came the figure of the girl he had ruined, with the big sad eyes and haggard face—just as she had looked when she had told him her secret and he had laughed and left her.

Again he shivered, for memory recalled how he had sought refuge beyond those distant cliffs in the fastnesses of those wild waves, whose boom, even now, he could hear plainly.

And he brushed his hand across his mouth savagely, as if he felt the salt of their spray, the spray that had been her winding-sheet.

And the moon looked down as serenely on the tramp as she peeped into happy nuptial chambers, and touched the rain-soaked cap and the dank, straggling hairs as tenderly as she caressed a bride's bright tresses.

And he looked up again at her sailing across the sky in all her pure white majesty.

And something of his old self came back to him, his erstwhile love of the beautiful.

And the sordidness of those latter days dropped away from him, and he leaned his head back against a moss-grown trunk and at last he slept, the softly-falling raindrops from the still heavily-laden wet boughs serving for a lullaby.

He was only a tramp, and he had come to the end of the tramp's journey.

* * * * * *

The dawn rose fair and fresh, with a pink flush shining through a veil of silvery mist.

And beyond the rocks the sea dimpled and smiled, and the birds sang joyously in the trees and the hedges, and bright-eyed wild things peeped out of burrows in bank and hillock.

And there was only one incongruous thing—and that was the tramp.

* * * * * *

It was a little-frequented lane, and the tramp slept on, through the cool dewy morning hours, to noontide.

Even the sun's warm bright rays falling full on his face did not waken him.

A magpie, attracted doubtless by a shiny button, hopped nearer and nearer, and took hold gently of the coveted object.

He neither stirred nor spoke.

The lips that so lately had been smirched by the foul and evil expressions that go to make up a tramp's vocabulary, were curved in a sphinx-like smile.

* * * * * *

"Dead!" said the parish doctor, in the curt business-like tones of one to whom death is even less mysterious than life.

"Died from exposure; another case of 'gone under.'"

But luckily he had only come to the end of the journey. And had put up at that hostelry which is kept by Death, where there is a bed for even the tramp!

A. M. STEWART.

SPORTING STORIES

BROWN: "I hear that a man was killed in a shooting gallery."

SMITH: "Did someone accidentally shoot him?"

BROWN: "No; he smoked one of those cigars they give for hitting the bull's eye."

* *

HALES: "Who was that fellow who just stopped to talk to you?"

BALES: "That's my old barber."

HALES: "Does he usually stop you in the street?"

BALES: "No; but he knows I'm shaving myself now, and he just wanted to look at my face and gloat over my scars."

* * *

"This is the largest revolver ever made," said the collector.

"I know of a bigger," said his friend.

"You do?"

"Yes, the earth."

* * *

"Grandfather, I know what I shall give you for your birthday—a nice meerschaum pipe."

"That's good of you, my dear, but I already have one."

"That is to say, grandpa, you did have one. I've just broken it."

* * *

"You say this man stole your coat?" said the magistrate. "Do I understand that you prefer charges against him?"

"Well, no, your Honour," replied the plaintiff. "I prefer the coat, if it's all the same to you, sir."

* * *

"Did Jones buy that thousand shares of stock in the gold mine he was talking about?"

"I rather fancy he did, as I saw him pawning his watch just before last settlement day."

* * *

THE LADY: "Look here, you said that if I'd give you your dinner you'd mow the lawn for me."

TRAMP: "I'd like to do it, ma'am, but I've got to teach you a lesson. Never trust the word of a total stranger."

* * *

MERCHANT: "I'll give you a position as clerk to start with, and pay you what you are worth. Is that satisfactory?"

APPLICANT: "Oh, perfectly; but—er—do you think the firm can afford it?"

* * *

THE MAN: "By Jove! For once in my life I know where my cuff links are!"

HIS WIFE: "Where are they now?"

THE MAN: "The baby's swallowed 'em!"

* * *

THE NEEDY ONE: "I say, old man, could you lend me a bob for a day or two?"

THE OTHER ONE: "My dear fellow, the bob I lend is out at present, and I've several names down for it when it comes back."

* * *

OFFICE BOY (football enthusiast): "I want to go to my grandmother's funeral."

EMPLOYER: "I can't let you go; and I don't think you will be missed, anyway, as the last time she had a funeral there were fifteen thousand people there."

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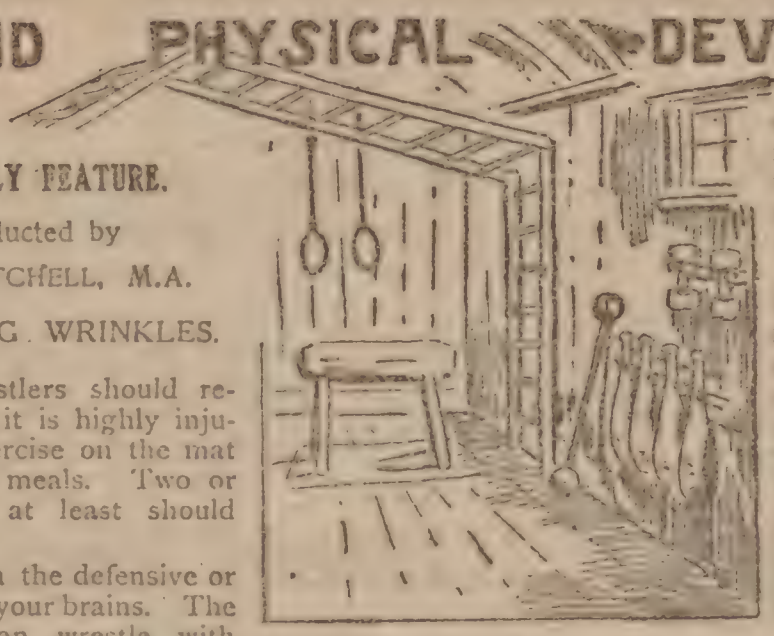


A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

WRESTLING WRINKLES.

Young wrestlers should remember that it is highly injudicious to exercise on the mat too soon after meals. Two or three hours at least should elapse.

Whether on the defensive or offensive, use your brains. The man who can wrestle with his brains, wins nearly every time.

But the champion wrestler requires strength as well as science, so combine both.

Don't be slow in your work. Slow wrestlers are tedious to watch and rarely accomplish anything.

Make up your mind quickly—follow a preconcerted plan if you can, but if you are foiled, start in on another tack; don't step back and think.

Keep your hands clenched when down on all fours, otherwise your opponent may seize your fingers and force up your arm into an awkward position.

Keep your elbows also close to your sides. Study the art of feinting. Many a man has succumbed to a surprise attack which he was not prepared to counter.

When you have got your man down, put out all your weight to keep him down, but release at once on being notified by the referee.

If you haven't the makings of a champion, and possess neither strength nor science, be a gentlemanly wrestler. It costs no more, and is always popular.

If a man "roughs" you, don't "rough" him in return. Appeal to the referee.

If you win, don't crow over the under dog. He may be quite as good as you are, but unlucky on the day. If you lose, acknowledge your defeat gamely, and lose like a man and an Englishman.

FOR THE WHOLE BODY.

The two exercises I give this week are of a more or less similar nature, and may be taken as the complements to each other. It is well, therefore, that they should be practised together.

A fine body developer.

Each affects almost all the muscles in the body, so that there is no danger of excessive fatigue of any one set, and the two are yet so different as to avoid any danger of monotony.

The starting position is that shown in the sketch, with the feet on a chair or bed and the hands on the floor.

Next raise the body in the middle until it is arched as high as possible, and pause in this position.

Then lower yourself slowly to the starting position and repeat the movement.

The shoulders and legs are brought into play in this exercise as well as the trunk muscles, and it is a splendid developer and suppling exercise for the whole body.

HARRIERS IN TOWN.

The other evening I was crossing Westminster Bridge towards the Surrey side, when I met two young men in regular running toggery, footing it nimbly along the middle of the roadway. I do not know where they came from, or where they were going to, but I silently wished them the best of luck.

Physical culture is now a power in the land, and it is much practised by both town and country dwellers, but they can do it in the privacy of their own lodgings or homes. It takes a bit of pluck for a man who lives in the heart of a big city like London to get into running clothes and take a breather along the busy street, and I admire him for it.

There was one thing which I noticed particularly as these hardy spirits were racing past me, and that was the attitude of the people on the pavement.

I did not hear one sarcastic remark, for everybody seemed to be fully in sympathy with the men who were running. I heard one say: "They belong to a club; you can tell that by their clothes"; and I heard another say: "It is better than being in a pub, anyhow."

I can recall the time when no Londoner would have had the audacity to race through the streets in running toggery even after darkness had fallen, for he would have been jeered at on all sides, and very possibly he would have been stopped as a lunatic by the police. I regard it as a very healthy sign of the times that no one now thinks the less of a man for taking his exercise in his own way, in spite of the circumstances that may be against him.

ANOTHER CHAIR TRICK.

This trick is extremely simple when you can do it, but the process of learning is apt to be disastrous to several chairs and to your person.

Set two chairs front to front, as shown in the sketch, and take your seat on one of them, with your knees astride the other.

A trick that takes nerve.

Now, having screwed your courage up to the requisite pitch, which is higher than you might suppose, leap into the air, twisting yourself round as you do so.

The object is to alight in the same position on the other chair, but facing the other way.

It is obviously necessary that the spring should be a very vigorous one.

When once you have brought off this little feat, it should present small difficulty to repeat it, but until you have achieved it, or seen someone else do so, it will seem almost impossible as soon as you are seated in the chair.

The usual cause of failure is that the legs are not widely enough separated as you come down. Also it is most important to leap straight up and not to allow the body to lean to one side.

There may seem to be nothing in the trick, but there is a great deal of physical benefit to be derived from the vigour that must be put into the spring, and, moreover, it is an excellent means of cultivating "nerve."

NEURALGIA.

One would not expect athletes or physical culturists to suffer from a disease of the nerves such as neuralgia is.

Nevertheless, such is often the case. A noted athlete of my acquaintance frequently suffers torture from this distressing complaint.

Mental worry or any physical strain will often usher in an attack, and the approach of "staleness" is sometimes indicated by severe nervous pains in the head and limbs.

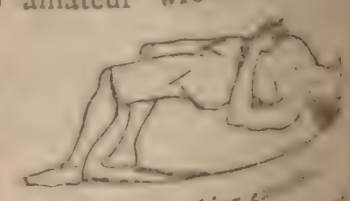
Physic is of very little use in such cases, except, perhaps, in the form of a good tonic. Rest and freedom from worry are the best remedial agents.

If possible, a thorough change of air should be obtained. The open-air cure and sun-baths are useful in this respect.

In severe attacks of neuralgia in the head a sponge dipped in boiling water, in which a little vinegar is added, applied as hot as can be borne to the temples, behind the ears, and at the back of the neck, will be found to give great relief.

FOR THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

This is an excellent exercise for the development of the muscles of the body, and as such is to be recommended to amateur wrestlers, boxing men, and others.



Another arching exercise.

Lie at full length on the floor or on a bed. If you choose the former, it is advisable to place a pillow underneath your head.

Draw up the knees until the feet are close to the body. Bend the arms and clasp the hands in front of you.

Now raise the body to the position shown in the sketch, so that the head and feet bear the whole weight between them.

Pause in this position for thirty seconds, or as long as you can, and then lower the body gradually to the starting position. Do not relax the muscles all at once and simply collapse, or half the benefit of the exercise will be lost. The gradual lowering is quite as effective as the raising of the body.

As will be seen, the strain is very largely upon the abdominal muscles, but it is also distributed over the legs and the whole body, except the arms, and the development of the neck muscles is very considerably increased by this means.

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Initials.	£	s.	d.
JS	1221	12	6
LPE	1136	13	5
RJC	1134	9	8
JW	1066	1	6
OMW	1053	10	0
FSG	1021	2	6
JH	938	16	2
WT	881	17	6
HH	880	17	2
LWI	878	5	5
CG	865	7	6
GHH	773	14	0
CS	761	14	6
JL	759	18	9
WJG	771	10	0
JB	703	17	3
RAS	630	2	7
JAB	628	18	4
WH	615	10	10
WAMcM	605	4	3
AEB	592	19	9
MAWT	521	9	6

Initials.	£	s.	d.
JC	597	9	3
JF	488	10	11
EMS	482	16	4
AF	441	12	6
FG	437	16	11
MEG	433	2	0
GH	425	5	6
WP	384	4	7
WW	388	17	3
AEG	331	5	9
AS	323	17	2
HV	304	1	4
AC	300	18	6
EM	288	12	9
WDC	257	9	6
LM	256	4	3
RM	244	19	11
ES	235	3	9
GW	234	18	5
JWP	231	11	3
FF	231	3	3
WRMC	227	17	6

Initials.	£	s.	d.
HB	227	8	8
BH	220	8	5
JT	211	16	6
HJP	211	17	4
FC	208	1	10
WWT	197	17	8
SH	197	10	0
HN	196	13	4
EW	195	5	9
TC	193	2	6
JAW	188	8	10
HCR	186	0	6
JADI	178	4	4
SFG	174	0	0
HW	171	14	9
EMHH	169	1	3
GB	160	4	0
GG	153	6	10
CP	157	16	5
HHGA	156	12	10
HG	143	18	8
HAB	134	7	7

N.B. In order to show that the above clients, although their initials have been printed in the order of the amounts paid to them, are not those who have received the largest amounts from us, we may mention the case of one client who has received upwards of £6,000. There are several others who have been paid over £2,000 and £3,000 whose accounts are not published here, as they are not new clients.

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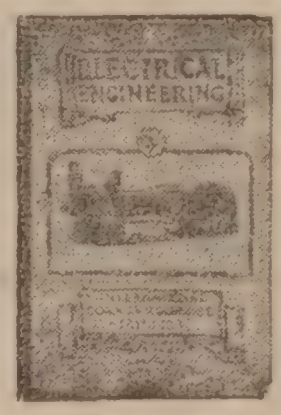

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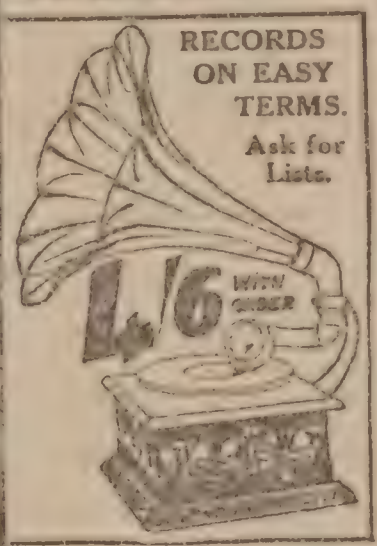

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Business as Business.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

RIGHTS.

Almost every transaction in business is governed by law. There are certain forms which must be gone through to make a contract legal and binding.

This is quite as it ought to be, for there are, and there always will be, tricksters who endeavour to escape their moral obligations, and who cannot be bound down by anything except the very letter of the law; yet it is possible for rights to be abused, and I have known many such abuses in the course of my business career.

This article will be read by both employers and employees, and I fear that by the time I have finished with it I shall have offended both; but there may be in what I say something of profit to both parties nevertheless.

Unless a special arrangement is made to the contrary, it is an understood thing that certain hours shall be required from workers in certain trades.

In London, for example, it is customary for a clerk to work from half-past nine to six, with a half-hour for lunch; and a clerk, unless he is informed to the contrary at the beginning, has the right to consider himself entitled to leave after six o'clock.

It is a very foolish clerk who exercises this right.

SUMMARY DISMISSAL IS ILLEGAL.

By custom of the trade and the verbal, if not written, contract made by him on his engagement, a man is to put down his pen on the stroke of six, and the employer would not be legally entitled to dismiss him for having done so, no matter how much important work remained to be completed.

It may surprise you to know that I have come across more than one instance where a clerk has taken advantage of this right.

The employer could not legally sack a man on the spot for leaving him in the lurch, and no employer, knowing the law, would attempt to do so, but on the very next pay-day he can give him a week's notice or a week's salary in its stead.

The law forbids the employer summarily to discharge the man without due cause, but the law does not have anything to say if you give that man notice, for then the cause is considered to be your own private concern and no business of anybody else's.

AN EXTREME CASE.

I have taken rather an extreme case to illustrate my point. Although, as I say, I have known instances, there are comparatively few clerks who would be so foolish as to leave at six o'clock in defiance of their employer's instructions, for a certain amount of work a good deal more than half an hour's work at a time; but, though employees are seldom found as vicious as this, I have very frequently known them to act almost as foolishly.

In many places of business overtime is paid for, and if it is paid for at an equitable rate, there is the least grumbling, for the employee is always anxious to make a little extra; but where the overtime is not paid for, and where the employer requests his helpers to stay a little, it is by no means unusual for them to assert their rights in a tacit manner by making themselves more or less free in the office.

They will consider themselves to be at liberty to talk of their own private affairs, and to do other things which they would not venture to do during legal business hours. In this way they assert their own perverted idea of self-esteem.

They are foolish if they suppose that the employer does not observe these things. He may not consider it wise to indicate his resentment, and it may be impossible for him at the time to get more willing helpers, but you may take it for a fact that he does not forget this sort of thing, and it is not the man who asserts these petty rights who is chosen for promotion.

There are two ways of taking business.

One is to regard it as the means of making bread-and-butter, as a sort of treadmill upon which one has to do so many rounds for the privilege of living.

PLEASURE IN BUSINESS HOURS.

The other, and the more sensible way, is to regard business as a section of one's life, and to take the keenest interest in it.

Where interest and enthusiasm are maintained, the day seems short, and the hours spent in business will generally compare very favourably in the matter of happiness with those spent at home.

The case is entirely different where a man looks on the hours spent in the office or workshop as so many hours passed in durance vile. It is such a man who wants all his rights, who will not voluntarily turn up half an hour earlier or stop half an hour later, no matter how much the business may need his services.

He is an absolute mercenary, and not a business soldier. His employer is his general, and he is not backing him up any more than he is compelled to do.

He is within his legal rights in behaving as he does, but, all the same, I think that the employee who asserts his rights is a fool.

If his interests are disregarded by his employer he should make not the faintest protest, but should, if the position becomes intolerable, quietly seek another, but stick to his old one till he gets it.

There are two sides to every picture. The employee has his legal rights, although he is foolish to assert them; the employer also has his rights, and he is not always wise in asserting them either.

THE NEED FOR FIDELITY.

No employee yet born has been perfect. At first the enthusiasm at obtaining a new post makes the employee work hard and willingly, but afterwards, unless the person concerned be of a particularly strong character, it is only natural that there should be some slight falling-off.

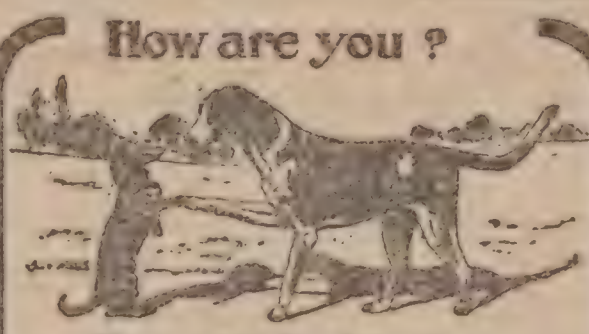
I have spoken of the interest to be derived from business life, but I will not deny that much of business life is monotonous. Consequently the employer may decide to sack the old hand and take on someone new, someone who will have enthusiasm for a few weeks at least.

He has a legal right to do this, but he is cruel if he exercises it, and he is also foolish.

The skilful and strong employer gathers about him helpers who are not only contented with their work, but who harbour a feeling of personal fidelity towards himself. On both sides there is a tacit understanding that rights will not be brought up, for the welfare of each is the only consideration of the other.

You find such an employer succeeding in his business, for he has the support not only of many hands and brains, but of many personalities behind him; and you find such employees advancing steadily along with their chief.

But neither of them talks of rights.



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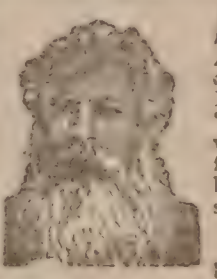

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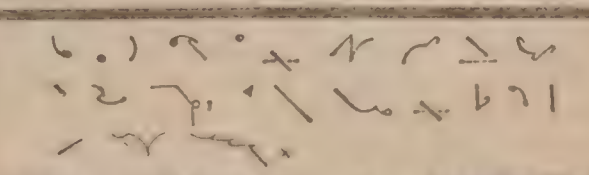

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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXXVII.

THE POWER OF PERSONALITY.

"It seems to me," observed J. T. Dean, at ease in the cosy study of Mr. Derwood's private residence one night, "it seems to me that we're playing from a losing hand every time. Bluff don't hold much chance of scaring friend Selby. He's rare cute. No bluff with him unless his hand's strong, and then he's got no need to bluff. Those automatic machines! Who in thunder could have guessed he had those to play against us?"

"They mean ruin for me," said Derwood, "ruin for us all. I wish to heaven you'd realise that, instead of indulging in admiring soliloquy of the man that is responsible."

"Jesso. I agree that the situation's getting a leetle bit desperate. At the present time we are makin' a dead loss of four thousand sterling a week. At that rate we should have to shut shop in about a year."

Dean half closed his eyes, and surrendered to dreamy meditation.

"It's preposterous!" Derwood stood up impatiently, and began to pace backwards and forwards. "Preposterous to be brought into such miserable straits after six months' competition! A man with no more than a tenth of our capital!"

He halted and eyed the serene expression of his partner.

"It's you that has got us into this mess," he said, furiously. "You, with your reckless squandering of money and your trumpeting methods. It was you that persuaded us to waste a fortune in running up a huge factory and equipping it with machinery that is no more use than scrap-iron. You're a trickster, a mountebank! Whoever loses, you know *you* stand safe, for the simple reason that you never had anything to lose."

"Jesso," agreed Dean again. "Go on. When the floods of your wrath have subsided we'll get on to more practical matters."

"But can you deny it?"

Dean shrugged. "The factory's there, the machinery's there, and we—we haven't had everything our own way. There's the thing briefly, and there's no cause to get giddy. You're wrong in supposing I've got nothing to lose. There's my opinion of myself. Selby's been chippin' little bits off my conceit for the last month or two, and I'm grateful. But I can't have him disfiguring me altogether. No, *sir*. I've got to come out victor in this tussle, or J. T. Dean will slink along the streets a bruised and broken man."

His glance travelled down his well-clad form with amusement. He certainly looked far removed from such a pitiable condition.

"We've been attacking his business," he wound up. "That doesn't seem to hurt him. Very well, we must attack the man."

"You'll meet with about the same success," said Derwood, vindictively.

"Think so? Waal, time will show. I've got my own ideas about that."

Derwood sat down again in the opposite armchair.

"I've tried that," he said in a low voice, "and nothing short of killing will succeed."

The tone caused Dean to widen his eyes and gaze long and steadily at him. He was a man who had come into contact with wild and lawless characters, and once or twice he had caught on a face the lurid glint of murderous resolve.

And he looked into a face now that hungered for wilful murder. In the distended nostrils the purpose lived, in the up-drawn, cruel lips, and most of all in the glittering eyes. Hate was turning Derwood into an animal.

"M-m," mused Dean, "I hadn't thought of that."

The mutual understanding made them forget their differences, and stare at each other in a prolonged silence.

"Why not?" Derwood whispered.

"Yes, why not?" repeated Dean, mechanically, seeing vision on vision of the advantages to be gained from it, and a hundred plans of how it might be done.

Then he came back to himself with a strong start.

"By gosh, Derwood!" he exclaimed. "You're an evil devil. For the moment. . . ."

"Yes?" Derwood craned forward, and his lips were twitching. "Why not?" he whispered once more. "It would be simple—and safe. A ten-pound note—even a thousand pounds, if necessary." He waited.

"Damnation, no!" said Dean forcibly, and he jumped to his feet. "There's a limit!"

"He frightens you," sneered Derwood. "I can see it. Your fingers are nervous. You would like to, but you daren't. You've got the same fear for the man as I have. It's because of that he makes us helpless. He's too big for us. I've found that out. So have you. It makes you savage to hear it, but it's true. You, a man of brains, experience, determination, but half-heartedly unscrupulous, with strength neither to be an honest man nor a villain."

The quiet, burning words ceased, and a low, maddening laugh followed.

"I think you had better own up," Derwood ended. "Am I not right?"

Dean was mixing himself a whisky-and-soda, and he paused with his glass in his hand and turned his head to watch him. Sweat shone on his forehead, but he spoke with accustomed coolness.

"Cleverly done," he said. "Reminds me of the snake in the garden. But, no thanks, Derwood. I've got other ideas that'll do just as well, and be cleaner."

He dropped back into his former position, bit the end off another cigar, and, lighting it, became contemplative again.

Though his sinister suggestion had failed, Derwood had an impression that it would not be forgotten, and that the seeds of it implanted in his mind might some day bear fruit. So he left the subject and said:

"What ideas? In any case you'll have to be quick about them. Every day of inaction means that Selby is gaining ground. Instead of ourselves, it may be he who will have captured the chain trade of the country. He'll hold the monopoly, not us. What is so insufferably galling is that we seem helpless to prevent it.

"Then, again," he went on, as Dean continued to maintain an unconcerned silence, "there is the strong unpopularity of the Syndicate in the town. Outside our employees, the whole place ... tically in revolt against us. You know ... I do that we're looked upon as enem... people."

"Which we are," agreed Dean placidly.

"Then Selby is the same. Yet he can ... the streets in safety, while for us there is ... considerable risk. Why should he be ...

"Because he's got no fear, and ... belongs to them and they believe he'll ... right when he's knocked us out of time. ... the thing in a nutshell. It's the strength ... man that wins public opinion. He's ... their requirements by getting himself ... Crowds are just as wise or as foolish as ... that leads 'em. Let us once get top-dog ... shall have Moulden on its knees in ... admiration. Why? Because there'll be ... dispute the right of what we do, and ... employed except by us. Gosh, it's the ... the world over. A hint of weakness ... a whole pack of the weak snarling ... out of you."

Dean drank and reflected.

"It seems to me," observed D... castically, "you're better at stating a ... than overcoming it."

"Think so? Waal, I may disabuse ... notion before you're much older. If you ... size up your difficulty you stand a very slim ... of removing it. There happen to be two ... and they're fairly colossal. One's Selby ... other's his automatic machine. He ... perative that we should remove the ... acquire the other."

"Brilliant!" exclaimed Derwood, ... but nevertheless gaining confidence ... companion's calm demeanour.

"The most essential is to remove ...

"A—h!"

"Not, however, in the pleasant way ... gested. No. I saw a man hanged to-... once, and he looked unhappy. But the ... Selby's business is that it's a one-man ... without him it would go to pot in ... months. Very well. If we dispose ... that little interval it will help consider...

"If!" said Derwood.

"Then if we acquire the machine we ... shall have a clear road to success, ... travelled so far along it that when Selby ... if ever he does return—no amount of hustle ... catch us up. See?"

Derwood bent forward, a hand gripping ... knee, and positive avidity written on his ...

"I can see the benefits," he said, "... means of obtaining them. I pay you the ... ment of believing that you have ... plan." Instinctively his voice lowered ... would remove Selby—how?"

The steel-blue eyes of Dean watched ... through narrowed lids with peculiar intensity, ... and he pulled and exhaled smoke from ... several times ere replying.

Possibly his native caution forbade ... should expose his schemes until accomplishment ... of them appeared certain.

He shifted his position to one of ... a trick indicating rapid mental speculation ... he had never been able effectively to ... During that bodily restlessness he was debating ... ing to choose between candour and ...

Whatever his decision, a chance ... prevented him from speaking of it then.

The door was knocked and opened. ... came in.

"A gentleman named Mr. Graill wants ... you, sir," she informed Derwood. "He ... most important."

Derwood darted a glance of astonishment ... partner.

"Selby's right-hand man," he said. ... can he want?"

"Have him in and see," answered D... might almost have been that he was relieved ... interruption. Derwood nodded, and the ... withdrew.

A dozen questions framed on Derwood's lips, but the absolute *sang froid* of Dean kept them unspoken.

Graill stepped briskly in, his cap in his hand. He was dressed for riding, and was wet and muddied as though he had been going at a hard pace.

"If you want to save your works," he said, shortly, "you'd best get into Moulden quick. The whole town's out to fire it."

"Good God!" said Derwood, blankly.

"Fact," continued Graill. "The square was packed with men and blazing like hell with torches when I came by. Half a dozen ringleaders were harranguing the mob, and yelling for 'em to put an end to your place."

Dean got up, and flung his cigar into the fire-place.

"Order the motor-car," he commanded Derwood. "This looks healthy."

Derwood not acting promptly enough, he sprang over and rang the bell himself. Then he wheeled suddenly on Graill, and shot several queries at him.

"How long ago was this?"

"Twenty minutes. I've ridden like the devil."

"Why do it?"

"Selby sent me."

"Why should he? I should ha' thought he'd have been glad."

"I didn't stop to ask. You don't know him if you think he's like that."

"The police?"

"What can a handful do?"

"It's all lies, lies," shouted Derwood, in a fury of helplessness and terror.

"Bosh!" Dean strode over and grasped his shoulder. "'Phone to the surrounding districts for police help, and don't stand there dithering."

The servant entering, he gave the order for the car to be got ready instanter. Plainly quick peril did not daunt him.

Graill, having fulfilled his mission, was already at the door.

"A moment," called Dean. "Going back to Moulden?"

"Yes; I may be our works after yours."

"Will you come in the car?"

"No, no; thanks."

"Right. I shall be there as soon as you."

Graill disappeared.

"Damn fool!" ejaculated Dean, driving his fist into the palm of his other hand, excitement flaring in his face the instant the door was closed.

He took himself like a dog. Then he dragged a revolver from his hip pocket, spun the chambers to see that each was charged, and replaced it with a movement.

"That telephone!" he stormed at Derwood, who still had done nothing. "See to that, anyhow, you dunder-headed idiot!"

"It's out of order," groaned Derwood.

Dean paused with parted lips. In a flash he realised how it was they had not received the alarm before.

"Then a neighbour's, or into Bagley—*anywhere*, so long as you're slick. I won't wait for you. You follow later. Lord knows what I can do, but I can't stay here. I'll make a few of 'em swallow lead, anyhow. Where in *Hades* is that car!"

He tore out, and Derwood, infected by his excitement, followed.

* * * *

As soon as Richard had sent Graill away—he had previously attempted in vain to communicate with Derwood by telephone—he returned swiftly to the crowded square.

He had not acted only on a benevolent impulse. Moulden was in riot, and the premises of the Syndicate would be only the beginning. Already wires were pouring out into the surrounding districts for military assistance.

Unrecognised and unnoticed, he stood on the outskirts of the throng, hoping only that the fever would expend itself in shouts and threats. Every minute of delay was precious.

He would have pushed his way into the crowd and made his voice heard if he had not known it would be useless. The tide of madness could not be turned back with mere words.

Besides, once absorbed in that crush, escape from it would be almost impossible, and he wanted to keep free to see and anticipate any concerted purpose.

Suddenly a significant and menacing silence fell. It was the pause before a storm. Then, as though directed by one mind, the crowd broke and formed, broke and formed again, and, like a solid wedge, began to move slowly along the street leading to the Syndicate's works—torches tossing, and hoarse cries racking the air.

Without an instant's hesitation, Richard turned and sped away. Taking a short cut, he arrived at the great archway of the Syndicate's works while yet the slowly travelling crowd was a couple of hundred yards distant.

Faces of frightened women and children were thrust through windows, but where he was he stood alone. The works were in darkness, save for one brilliant electric lamp over the archway, and the great doors were closed. The workpeople had gone more than an hour ago.

The well-familiar figure of Richard could be seen by the foremost of the oncoming crowd, and there was something about this fact of one man standing still and patient that impressed itself upon all that saw him, and caused them to slacken their progress. But those behind pressed on unabatedly, and gradually the flame-lit wedge got nearer and nearer.

The rays from the electric light shone down on Richard's dark face and showed it composed and invincibly determined.

That queer one-mindedness of a crowd brought it at length to a standstill, and, but for a desultory shout, silent.

The magnetism of a personality was over them.

Richard, with the instinct of the real leader, seized on it. His voice rang out and passed along the crowd, clear and decisive.

"Will the men of Moulden give Richard Selby a hearing?"

With strange daring he waited for the answer. A pandemonium of assent and dissent broke like thunder, and, like thunder, died away in lowering reverberations.

"Yes, goo on," said a loud voice, "but be quick about it. We'm busy."

"The first time Tom Davis has been busy in his life," called Richard. "What a thing!"

Somebody laughed.

"Listen!" Richard held up a hand.

"Has anybody here got anything against Richard Selby? I'm here to have it out with him. Hear that! Now's the time!"

Above the interruptions he made his voice heard again.

"Where is he? That's got to be settled before anything else is done. I'll tell you why." He flung up a hand. "This place is going to belong to me. It's as good as mine. Who interferes with what's mine has got to get over me first. Hear that?" He paused again.

"I'm waiting," he called.

A sullen rising roar greeted him, the growling of disappointed rage.

"Clear out an' leave us alone," somebody shouted.

"Me? No fear. I don't budge till I've taken on every man that thinks he's got a right to smash up anything o' mine. A—h!"

A sudden convulsive movement of the crowd, and a short man with a hatchet face, which seamed into a smile as he caught Richard's eye, stepped forward.

"Mark Gem!" Richard's voice rang out again and ended in a laugh. "Here's a man, anyhow."

Mark turned and faced the crowd.

"I'm with him," he yelled, and threw his hat wildly in the air, "I'm with him, not agen him. Who's the same?"

It was a turn of utter unexpectedness, its effect heightened by the sharp rattle of galloping hoofs and the sight of a man riding at full gallop towards them from behind. Graill pulled up his sweating horse on its haunches.

"I am," he shouted.

Richard's triumphant laugh sounded again.

"Any more? I thought I'd got more friends than this."

Then ensued a scene almost comical in contrast with what had threatened before.

Shakespeare was not far wrong when he made fun of the changing attitude of a crowd.

It is doubtful whether Richard Selby was a student of his writings, but his common-sense and his powers of observation taught him the same thing.

He knew a crowd's fickleness, and the force of the man was sufficient to mould it to his needs.

The crowd heaved and writhed to give passage to men who struggled forward to join that little band of three. Soon an opposition crowd of formidable size, with Richard at its head, was facing the other, and still the crossing over continued.

"I want the lot," called Richard, his face transfigured, and he stepped out by himself. "I want all of you. No hanging back! My God, friends, you make me feel the proudest man on earth!"

A thin delirious cheer broke from Mark, to be taken up and echoed and re-echoed by all. Then a swift rush, and a score of hands seized Richard and hoisted him shoulder high.

"Put me down, you fools!" said Richard, coming back to normality.

But this time he was disregarded.

And J. T. Dean, with his bullets, arrived too late.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

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A 400% **INVESTMENT**

Every £1 Invested will earn £4.

This is not a statement made by a firm of bucket-shop keepers, nor is it made in connection with some wild-cat scheme in order to induce investors to run great risks of losing their money. Exceptional opportunities occur from time to time for people to make large sums of money without running any risk whatever, and this is one of them.

Investment is invited in a Substantial Company with a Government monopoly which will earn shareholders 400 per cent. on money invested without risk, thus ensuring a large income for a small outlay. The chance of a life-time.

As these shares are now being rapidly taken up, immediate application should be made for Prospectus, giving full particulars, which will be sent free to every applicant.

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12, Featherstone Buildings, London, W.C.

A CONNOISSEUR

A SKETCH.

If it happens that you should purchase a packet of cigarettes at a tobacco shop in the Strand, it is more than probable that my Master Timothy may greet you. If so, treat him with as much reverence as possible, for he is indeed a judge of men and a connoisseur—of cigarette cards.

It was mainly due to the last-named trait of his character that I became honoured with his acquaintance.

I had hardly stepped over the threshold of the shop ere I heard a pleading voice at my elbow, saying: "Give us a cigarette card, mister."

It was indeed a weak little voice—so timid, so full of longing. I turned round expecting to find its owner almost weeping, but only one grimy hand was held out for the coveted cigarette card, and the pinched face was innocent of tears.

Now, it has been a matter of congratulation to me ever since the age of seven years, when an expensive weed dealt unkindly by me, that my palate in cigarettes never afterwards yearned for the higher-priced varieties which do *not* pander to the depraved and plebeian taste in the matter of cigarette cards. Therefore each packet of cigarettes I buy has always carried with it a wondrous pasteboard, adorned with some interesting, artistic, and instructive picture—such as impossible tigers in the Natural History Series, highly ornamental Flags of All Nations, and so forth.

It was at Master Timothy's earnest and pathetic request that I tore open the little package, which contained (in addition to ten cigarettes reduced in size at the instance of the Budget) a cigarette card of charming design.

Timothy grabbed at it immediately.

"Strewth!" he said. "Ster—ewth!" He gave vent to a prolonged whistle. "My *word!*" he exclaimed further. "My *word!*"

He still seemed lost in admiration. I moved to go.

"'Ere, stop a minute, mister! Do them little dark packets allus 'ave cards like thet in 'em—eh?" he asked. "'Cause, if so, they're Tim's mark, and—do you ushally buy your fags abaht this time? 'Cause, if so, I'll keep my optic liftin' for ye every mornin', reg'lar as a copper on 'is beat. My *word!* This'll tickle 'em up dahn 'Enrietta Street, this will!"

"What will 'tickle 'em up'?" I asked. His little eyes were actually shining.

"W'y—do yer think that there's a bloke in Covink Garding as 'as got a cigarette pickcher like *this* one?" he said in ecstasy. "Not bloomin' likely! They've got gen'rals, an' Baden-Powells, an' Kitcheners, kings' palaces, an' types o' the British Harmy, but if this 'ere card don't give 'em the knock, my name ain't Timothy!"

He read out the inscription.

"'Old English Pottery and Porcelain,'" he said, pronouncing the words with particular care. "Look at that bloomin' blue plate—just like you see in old curiosity shops, ain't it? On the h-obverse, of course, is the readin' where they tell you all abaht it. If the fags are as tasty as this 'ere card they'll do, mister—they'll do."

I handed him a cigarette. He thanked me politely, lit a match, and inhaled critically.

For me the Strand was not. In my world there was only this perky, grimy little urchin who had somewhere in his head the æsthetic sense that could admire a tiny illustration of a piece of old china.

"There's a bit of class about these fags," he said, "same as there is abaht the card. Do you like 'em?"

"I smoke a packet a day."

"Then you might save us the short ends—*and* the cards. Let's see, if you don't object to me lookin' out for you, I shall have a lot in a month, sha'n't I? One packet a day you buy, an'——"

He scratched his head.

"W'y," he said, at length, "I'd like to bet you buy two packets on Saturdays! Now, 'ow's that for 'rithmetic? You can't say as you don't, sir. You *do!*"

"How do *you* know?" I asked, in surprise.

"'Cause you can't get 'em on Sundays, I don't expec', and besides——"

He stopped abruptly and looked a little sad.

"Besides," he concluded, rather miserably, "I spec's you get your wages on Saturdays, eh, and likely as not a tanner's nothin' to *you* on Saturdays!"

I did not reply to his leading question regarding my financial position, but after the manner of certain Biblical persons answered with another.

"And what is a tanner to you?" I asked my friend the connoisseur.

"Six 'd,'" he said.

I bowed to this logic. I had expected him to sigh and raise his eyes up to the sky at the thought of sixpence.

"Poor little chap!" I said, half to myself.

"Look 'ere," said Master Timothy. "You've been to see 'The Two Little Vagabonds,' *I* should say—but don't go workin' the gag on *me*. *I* ain't poor, so there! You can't alw'ys go by wot a man does 'is work in. I'm in the newspaper line—same as Lord Northcliffe is."

"A newspaper boy?"

"What's the use of eddication, eh? Newsvendor, of *course!* An' a most useful occupation, too, sir. A newsvendor is of real service to 'is feller-men. Besides, there's odd jobs a chap kin pick up, sich as——"

"I want a taxi," I observed, hurriedly. Master Timothy was getting the upper hand of me, it was very plain.

"You shall have the first as comes along with the flag flyin', sir. Well, as I was sayin' when you interrupted me, there's lots of odd jobs a feller can pick up, so you can bet there ain't none of the starvin' kid about me—nor the likes o' me, that sorter keep their eyes open, you know, sir. It's this 'ere Drury Lane drama business as gits into the 'eads of the public——"

He drew a fragment of a Cuban cigar from his pocket and lit up.

"Wot's wrong with this?" he asked. "Cost about a couple o' bob, I dare say. I picked it up outside Romano's, where all the toffs go to theatre dinners. They puts the weed on just after. Then, p'r'aps, they're only going to the Adelphi or the Vaudeville. Can't smoke inside a theatre, can you? So, you see, Tim of Henrietta Street gets the ch'ice 'Arvana. Therefore I knows a good cigar when I see one. I do."

Master Timothy was wagging his head, much pleased with himself.

"In fact," he added, "*I'm* a Konnosher!"

"Where is that taxi?" I said.

"Ah, thought I should make you henvious, sir. Well, that shows you that there ain't nothin' so very 'ard in livin' round 'Enrietta Street, Covink Garding. I 'as me work, which is sellin' newspapers. I 'as me 'obby, which is collectin' cigarette cards. I 'as me tastes, such as smokin' good cigars wot falls from the rich man's lips. . . . Now 'ere's your taxi, sir. Waterloo? Yes, sir . . . thank you, sir . . . and if I *don't* 'appen to see you for a d'y or two, *please* keep them 'Pott'ry's and Porcelain' series for me, *won't* yer?"

S. B. WORSFOLD.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

TO A READER UNKNOWN (Cefn-Coed).—You [illegible] us a postal order for 6d., but neither your [illegible] nor your address. Presumably you want to join the League. Will you please let us know who you are?

E. H. F. (Harringay).—Don't ask us why it is that advertising tipsters, financial advisers, and professional puzzle solvers don't back their own opinions and become millionares. Possibly they do become millionares, but it is by exploiting the gulls.

H. C. (Leeds).—For long-distance running, most men prefer a shoe with a rubber sole.

R. McA. (Glasgow).—Thanks for the [illegible] We wish good luck to the chap who pulled the woman out of the loch and then rode off on his bicycle without waiting to be thanked or to receive any newspaper applause. You don't say whether he was one of your own friends, but probably he was a reader of THE MODERN MAN. He is the sort of chap we rather have a fancy for.

C. E. W. (London).—The only way to ensure that your jacket will not cockle up on the inside is to have it made by a good tailor. With regard to your inquiry concerning knock-knees, we have answered it many times, as you will see by reference to back numbers.

N. D. (Glasgow).—We advise you to write to the French Ambassador, who will give you fuller particulars than we could.

A. A. (Preston).—The only way to get the stains out of your leggings is with a sponge, cold water, and some saddle soap. As the leggings are finished with a rough surface, you should rub them with a leather ball of the required colour before they are dry.

P. B. (Bristol).—We are not very keen on having League badges fitted as safety pins, because we should have to charge a good deal more for them.

J. E. H. (Oxford).—There are some queries which are not within the Editorial scope. How should we know whether "Dirty Dick's" opens on Sunday? The obvious thing is to write to the [illegible] and ask.

C. H. (Wombwell).—You won't find it difficult to keep your nails clean if you keep them short. A scratch at the soap and a rub or two with the [illegible] brush will do the rest.

G. D. (Harwich).—There are many horses [illegible] object to having their manes trimmed. Instead of pulling the long hairs out, snip them with the scissors.

B. E. T. (Swindon).—Having your shirts re[illegible] is an economical plan, and nothing can be [illegible] against it, but you should take the trouble to see that the new cuffs are of the same pattern as the part of the shirt that shows between your tie and your waistcoat.

TO SEVERAL READERS.—You will understand that in connection with the dispatch of the League badges we have been working at great pressure, and we are rather proud of the fact that the percentage of complaints has been extremely small. We regret to say, however, that there have been returned to us a few packages from which the labels have become detached, and we request those readers who have sent for badges, but have not yet received them, to communicate with us. Where thousands have had to be dispatched, it is inevitable that such accidents as a loosely-tied knot on a label should occur, but it is gratifying to know that there have not been many of them.

J. L. (Stockport).—As you say, there are many men who, like yourself, are debarred from becoming Territorials owing to defective eyesight or other circumstances. We are glad to know, all the same, that you like the Kernahan stories.

W. R. (Welshpool).—Have the teeth of the rowels cut off. You can then gratify your taste for wearing spurs, without incurring the probability of trouble. There are some horses which will not tolerate spurs, and you must accept the fact.

The New Eight Hours' Cure for Catarrh & Nasal Inefficiency.

DISCOVERED BY VOCALIST-PATIENT WITH THE AID OF HIS PHYSICIAN.

EXPLANATORY TREATISE NOW READY FOR GRATIS DISTRIBUTION.

Old-fashioned remedies for catarrh have been completely superseded by the remarkably successful eight hours' cure for catarrh and other nose-breathing difficulties, which cures without the aid of nauseous liquids or powders—cures even while you are asleep.

The new cure for catarrh—the joint discovery of physician and patient—cures with every breath you draw. It frees the nasal passages; it arrests mouth-breathing, and promotes natural and healthy nasal breathing; it strengthens chest and lungs; it oxygenates and purifies the blood; and generally invigorates and re-vitalises the whole organic being.

COMPANIONS OF CATARRH.

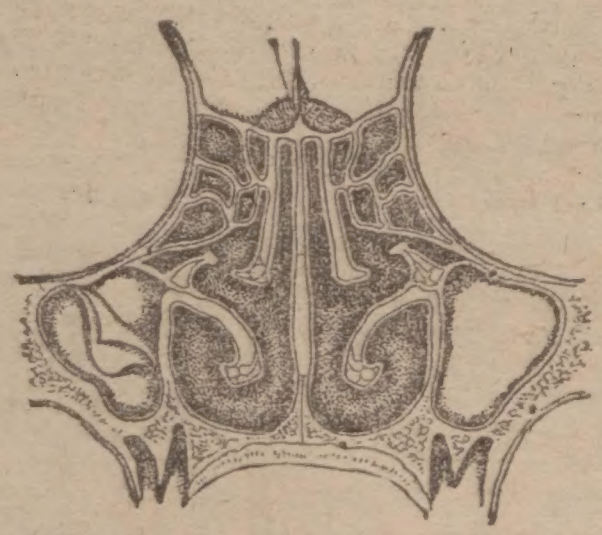
Every sufferer from catarrh knows how this distressing complaint prevents proper breathing, and how if neglected other disagreeable conditions arise. The mucous matter falls down the throat—the word catarrh means "to flow down"—during the night, and the victim awakens in the morning with a foul mouth, coated tongue, nausea, and utter distaste for food.

The stomach becomes inflamed, and intestinal catarrh—a most dangerous disease—may ensue with fatal results.

The hearing becomes impaired, the head feels hot, and the eyes are either dry and burning or discharge an acrid watery fluid.

The senses of smell and taste also become seriously affected.

Hitherto, the most drastic methods of relief have often been found necessary. In the new eight hours' cure no operations or cauterising are necessary. On the other hand, the patient goes to sleep at night and awakes in the morning deliciously refreshed owing to the improvement in the breathing while asleep, due to the increase of nasal breathing space supplied by this new and natural method of treatment.



This shows the wonderful labyrinth of air galleries behind the nose. It also shows why sprays and powders and operations do not cure catarrh, adenoids, and nose-breathing difficulties. Yet it shows how the new Rhycol Method explained in the gratis treatise on "Respiratory Re-Education" accomplishes its 8 hour cure of these conditions. Everyone should write (or call) to the Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 80, Rhycol Building, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C., for a copy (enclosing 1d. stamp for postage).

CONSUMPTION AND NASAL INEFFICIENCY.

In an interesting book which the joint-discoverers of this new treatment have published for gratis circulation among sufferers from catarrh, adenoids, polypi, catarrhal deafness and other nose-breathing troubles, this new eight hours' cure is fully described, the letterpress being accompanied by informative and explanatory diagrams never before published to the public. This book is very aptly entitled "Respiratory Re-Education," and the joint authors here clearly show how *all* consumptive, catarrhal, and asthmatic tendencies are originally due to nasal-breathing inefficiency, a theory, strange to say, that received professional endorsement at the last British Medical Conference at Belfast.

It is a well-established fact that large, wide nostrils are indicative of health and long life, provided, of course, there is no internal obstruction as in catarrh, adenoids, polypi, &c. The new cure for catarrhal affections (as explained in the book mentioned) is based upon the recognised physiological fact. It overcomes nasal inefficiency, whether due to narrow or congested nostrils. It reopens and expands the partly-closed air passages and cavities, and thus prepares the way for the larger supply of air absolutely necessary to **catarrhal freedom. Moreover, in the new Rhycol cure the air** inhaled during the hours of sleep is medicated with a soothing and healing preparation that assuages the inflamed mucous membrane, and gradually cures it. (How this is accomplished is one of the most interesting sections of the book now offered for gratis circulation.)

PATIENT'S STRIKING SIMILE.

In one night the nose, ears, tongue, and throat give every evidence of the good work of the cure.

In one week the nose and mouth cease to discharge catarrhal matter. The brain, eyes, and ears feel clear and unobstructed, the mouth and throat clean and sweet, and taste and smell become as keen as ever.

The original discovery was made by the patient—a vocalist—who discovered HOW the nose could be freed. Upon this first-step discovery has been built the new and anatomical cure described in detail (and illustrated) in the book entitled "Respiratory Re-Education." Immediately the method of cure described in this book is applied there is striking evidence of its curative powers. It is, indeed, as one patient put it, *like coming into the fresh air out of a close and stuffy room.*

As already stated, a large edition of the book has been published for free distribution, and all who wish to overcome nasal inefficiency — the cause of catarrh, adenoids, polypi, catarrhal deafness, and consumptive and asthmatic tendencies—should send (or call) for a copy. A penny stamp should be enclosed for postage. Subjoined is a synopsis of the contents:

How the Cure was Discovered.
Why Snuffs and Sprays can Do No Good.
The Most Neglected Part of the Body.
Special Advice and Warning.
Illustration of an Operation for Removal of Post-Nasal Growths.
A Most Remarkable Test (illus.).
What is Catarrh?
Illustrations of Examples of Nasal Obstruction and Inefficiency.
What Catarrh Leads To.
The Physiological Process of Cure.
Illustration of Why Sprays Cannot Cure Catarrh.
How to Cure Catarrh and NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTIES.
The NOSE and Catarrh.
The EARS and Catarrh.
The THROAT and Catarrh.
The MOUTH and Catarrh.
The LUNGS and Catarrh.
How to Cure SNORING.
COLDS in the HEAD and EYES.
VOICE Troubles.

You have only to write (enclosing a 1d. stamp for postage) or call, to receive a gratis copy of the authors' book per return post. Write to: The Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 80, Rhycol Building, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

FREE **WITH 18 PHOTO POST-CARDS.** We are giving away the latest stereoscopic invention, the **RELIEVOSCOPE,** to all sending **only 1/6 for 18 splendidly coloured Twopenny Photo Postcards** of some of the most beautiful scenery, statues, buildings, &c., in the world. With the **RELIEVOSCOPE** you can make every Picture Postcard and Photo "stand out" just like life. You can also use the **RELIEVOSCOPE** with the photos of yourself and friends. It makes Photos look just like life. It makes Photos speaking likenesses. All who see this bargain are lost in wonderment at the value we give. You will be delighted with the **RELIEVOSCOPE** and the 18 cards. Send **1/6** at once, before stock is exhausted. 36 different Cards and Two **RELIEVOSCOPES** for **2/9,** post free.

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1 Japanese Tortoise	1 Flags of all Nations.
1 Pair Motor Goggles.	1 Pair Performing Birds.
1 Mouse in Box.	1 Japanese Doll.
3 Japanese Water Flowers.	1 Coloured Bead Necklace.
1 Air Balloon.	1 Pair of Clappers.
1 Baby's Rattle.	1 Family Telephone.
1 Domino Mask.	1 Japanese Umbrella.
1 Flute Whistle.	1 Japanese Parasol.
2 Trick Cigars.	1 Trick Cigarette.
1 Rattle and Whistle.	2 Crowing Roosters.
1 Pneumatic Sausage.	1 Clik-Clik.
1 Zobophone.	1 Whistling Stick.
1 Mellotone.	2 Hand Accordions.
3 Funny Moving Faces.	—
2 Concertina Faces.	36 (in all).

TWO BOXES, containing 92 different Toys, for 2s. (and 4d. stamps for Postage). *Money back if not delighted.*

REAL XMAS HAMPERS of Toys and Playthings at 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s. 6d.

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POOR LONDON CRIPPLE CHILDREN?

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2/6 Box (containing Cavalry and Infantry), postage **4d.**

4/- Box (Cavalry, Infantry, and Officers), postage **6d.**

Address: 80, Playground of Science, 11 & 13, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.

BIG ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of Xmas and Winter Evening Toys and Playthings for children and grown-ups post free.

The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

FASHIONS.

Some men, whenever a particular fashion disappears, make a point of discarding—usually with a certain amount of pomp and circumstance for the benefit of their friends—all the articles of clothing which are thus put out of date.

This is both a foolish and an extravagant habit.

It is far better to keep such clothes if they are in good condition, for it is extremely probable that they will again become fashionable in a year or two, and in many cases they can be altered sufficiently to bring them in touch with the current fashion.

On this page each week I endeavour to give some useful hints as to the latest fashions and suggestions as to various details which might not occur to or have been observed by my readers.

I should be the last, however, to insist that every article of a man's attire must be absolutely in the latest fashion, and that anything at all out of date must be discarded, whether it be worn out or not. One would have to be something like a millionaire to live up to that ideal.

My purpose is rather to give what guidance I can to those who are actually buying new clothes, and to point out slight alterations and details with which one can keep pace on a very modest expenditure.

Every man, however well to do, has some unfashionable clothes, and if they are well cut and fit well, they even form an agreeable contrast to those of the more fashionable style.

The world would be a dull place if everybody dressed exactly alike and observed the very latest fashion.

A WET WEATHER TIP.

Hardihood has consistently been preached in this paper, and for my own part I rather admire the man who looks upon a wet evening as a thing of joy, because it is in his estimation particularly suitable for a long walk.

The roads are soft when it is raining, and I suppose he is right in his joys, but there is one thing that he needs particularly, and that is a thoroughly rain-repelling mackintosh. An ordinary shower-proof coat, such as one sees worn in the City, is of little service in a downpour in the country, nor is it the thing if you are likely to be out for a lengthy period either in the country or town.

What you want is a mackintosh that absolutely defies the rain instead of getting soaked up with it, and you want one that will come down reasonably well over your knees, for there is nothing more annoying than having the rain beating in at the top of your gaiters.

I can personally recommend the mackintoshes which are being advertised in this paper by Messrs. Dudley and Co. They are turning them out very cheaply, but the cut is fashionable and the garments are both comfortable and serviceable. They have my thorough approval.

BOOT LACING.

How do you lace your boots? It is a small matter, but one that may make a great deal of difference to a man's smartness.

The most important thing is to see that the two sides of the boot meet, and that they sit properly without "kinking" between the eyelet holes.

In order to achieve this it is obvious that the laces should not be allowed to come up between the flaps. If they are to be crossed at all—and perhaps this method is most suitable for shoes and for town wear, as being rather more ornate—the whole of each cross should be either above or below the flaps of the boot.

But for heavier boots, and especially for those worn with leggings, the straight-laced military fashion is undoubtedly the most suitable.

There are two ways of putting in the laces in this "ladder" style, and though the result is practically the same in each case, one is much more satisfactory than the other and takes far less time to adjust.

Perhaps the commoner method is to bring one end of the lace straight up inside the boot from the bottom hole to the top, and then to pass the other end over and under from side to side until the top hole is reached.

When you are trying on a pair of boots, however, you will observe that the assistant will probably lace your boots straight by a quite different method.

Both ends are passed inwards through the two bottom holes. The right-hand end is then brought up through the next hole on the left-hand side, and the left-hand end through the next hole but one on the opposite side. The right-hand end is then brought straight across, and the process repeated until the top hole is reached.

This method has the advantage of distributing the strain more evenly over the lace, and avoiding the difficulty of getting the ends even, for you start with them even, and bring each end across alternately.

TO KEEP THE CUFFS CLEAN.

There are many men whose work keeps them at a desk most of the day, and who are in the habit of protecting their shirt cuffs by means of pieces of paper doubled over them.

These cuff-protectors are by no means beautiful while they are being worn, and they are most irritating things to put on and take off.

The following expedient is far better, as it involves less trouble in the end, and merely keeps the cuffs out of sight and out of harm's way.

Have a couple of hooks, bereft of their attendant eyes, sewn into the inside of your sleeve on opposite sides, and about half an inch from the bottom.

Then when you wish to protect your cuffs from dirt, all you have to do is to catch them up by the two hooks, and they cannot appear beyond the edge of your coat-sleeve.

When you leave the office, on the other hand, they are easily restored to their normal position by releasing them from the hooks.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome polished Oak. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send Stamped Addressed Envelope for Illustrated List.*

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London.

THE BEST FITTING AND BEST TAILORED EVENING DRESS SUIT IN LONDON.

Now is the time when a man feels the need of a new Evening Dress Suit for the coming Winter Season.

Last year's suit is, perhaps, still presentable, but you know you are not looking your best in it, and at a dance you want to appear as well as possible.

Our new Evening Dress Suit is absolutely the latest in cut, style and finish, and yet, owing to the magnitude of our business, we can produce it for the remarkably low sum of

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The material is Elastic Twill or Black Vicuna.

We guarantee a Perfect Fit by Post.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.

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The Smart Set Tailors,

201, STRAND, W.C.,

And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.

This is a sample of style and fit. *We give it.*

ARE YOU A BUSINESS MAN?

If so, there must be hundreds of occasions upon which it is necessary for you to be out in the pouring rain, and equally necessary that you keep dry. No other garment can possibly give such perfect protection as

a Mackintosh,

but it must be one upon which you can rely. Dudley mackintoshes are

as safe as a Diving Suit.

We guarantee them absolutely waterproof. They are cut in the latest style from the most fashionable materials, and we send them carriage paid on approval. Mail a card at once, and let us send you

Patterns of our 36 coats, free.

At all prices from 19/6 to 42/-.

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Sole Agents for the Colonies: GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a Box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Blue Serge Suit, good condition, height 5ft. 7½in., chest 35in., 20s.; also extra pair trousers, never worn, 10s.—Box 1326, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

5s.—Gent's handsome umbrella; patent self-opening or self-closing; great bargain; satisfaction guaranteed; post free.—G. W. Bunting, Marlborough Chambers, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Heavy grey tweed 55s. Norfolk suit, including waistcoat, chest 40in., good condition, 30s.—Box 1330, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Two blue suits, secondhand, double-breast and single, 36in. chest, fit man 5ft. 8in.; also winter overcoat, and pair of boots in good condition, size 8, lot 30s.; money back if not satisfactory.—Box 1334, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For the Modern Mac see advt., Dudley, page 24.

Wanted, overcoat, man, 5ft. 6in., chest 34in.; black shoes, 7; boots, 8½.—Box 1338, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Brand new button-making machine, all complete with cloth cutters; a bargain; 35s. to clear; worth £3.—Box 1341, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Punch ball, scarcely used, cost 14s., accept 9s.; Sandow's grips, 12s. 6d., accept 6s.; Inch's 2-guinea course, accept 6s.—Box 1335, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Eat Well, Sleep Well, Look Well.—Physical culture without apparatus; simple exercises that reach every muscle; do not overtax the heart; 3s. 6d. for full course, or write for descriptive letter.—Box 1337, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Wanted, billiard table, cues, &c.; would exchange Lloyd's International Library, 20 vols., not soiled, Roxburgh binding, oak case, cost £9 17s. 6d.—Box 1342, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Comfortable bedroom to let; quiet house; no children or other lodgers; bath, h. and c.; easy distance of Shepherd's Bush Tube.—Apply, Box 1328, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman wants Diggings in Farmhouse, within easy reach of London, as he must travel to town daily.—State full particulars and terms to Box 1154, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Comfortable board-residence, two or three friends, in old farmhouse, near London; rough shooting, fishing, &c.; terms moderate.—Box 1251, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Pomeranian dog, black, splendid pedigree, affectionate, good house dog; £3, approval. — Post Office, Staithes, S.O.

Dog food.—See Molassine advt., page 21.

POULTRY YARD.

Incubators.—Cyphers 220 240; condition as new; perfect hatcher; £4, or near offer.—Box 1244, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

Rex 3¼-h.p.; perfect working order; capabilities willingly shown in Birmingham by appointment.—Box 1329, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

N.A.B. Spring Saddle pillar, fit 1in. or 1⅛in. stem, 10s. 6d., or exchange for curiosities.—St. Etheldreda, Thorpe Road, Norwich.

MUSIC.

Large handsome musical box, 12 tunes, with bells; cost £16, £5, bargain.—Box 1246, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Zither banjo, by Temlett, and case, fine tone; 25s.—Box 1248, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

EDUCATIONAL.

Wanted, "Harmsworth Self-Educator," complete. In answering state particulars. — Box 1336, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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Hull readers bind your "Modern Man" with Arthur Lusby, Bookbinder, 9, Chapel Lane, Hull.

Shorthand.—See Sloan-Duployan advt., page 19.

MEDICAL.

Rheumatism, neuralgia. Why suffer when I can speedily cure? Prescriptions P.O. 1s. 3d. each.—Box 1332, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

The A.J.B. Drybell for bells and medical purposes; absolutely the best on the market; 1s., post free.—A.J.B. Co., 22, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

"WHY NOT" send for a bottle of Dr. Carter's Embrocation? The athlete's friend.—See Model Home Specialities advertisement, page 16.

JEWELLERY.

Handsome gent's real lever simulation gold watch, keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d., post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Gentleman's single stone diamond ring, large stone; special offer, £5.—Box 1249, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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For Sale, 2 100 and 1 120 egg incubators; zither banjo; B.S.O. gent's bicycle, 1908; 5½in. screw-cutting lathe, for treadle or power; pedigree fawn bull bitch.—Box 1327, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

What offers? Nearly new Yost Typewriter, in perfect working order.—Box 1297, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

"Tale-Writing for Money," "What to Write About," and "101 Authors' Money-making Recipes. Far better advice than literary schools sell for pounds; 7d. each; two, 1s. 1d.; three, 1s. 6d. free.—Magazine Syndicate, Southport, Lancs.

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Safety razors, with stropper; 1s. 1d., post free; shaving one round of pleasure.—Muir's, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

The world-famed "Handy" benches for all amateur woodworkers. Specially designed benches for motor-house. Enclose 2d. stamps for latest catalogue. — Hardy Bros., Bench Manufacturers, Bradford.

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Authors' MSS. revised, typed, or placed.—Empire Press, 18, Bouverie Street, London.

Bargains.—Pair transuline waiter trays (new), 14in. across, 3s. 6d., post free; silver-mounted pipe in case, never used; cost 12s. 6d.—7s. 6d.; smaller one, never used, 3s.; lady's handbag (new), latest; cost 16s.—9s. 6d.; pearl necklace, 200 stones, and pearl cross made in Holy Land; accept 5s. 6d.—Box 1339, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

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For 6d. we will forward instructions which we guarantee will enable any energetic young man to make 10s. to £2 weekly in spare time. This is not recipes, but a new, honest, feasible plan.—The Secretary, 8, Laura Street, Sunderland.

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19S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Dark Brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality. Tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn. Breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 32½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Worth £3 3s. Approval willingly.

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29S. 6D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval before payment.

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9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

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TRIAL BOTTLE GRATIS

(Containing a Week's Supply)

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

The Great Brain and Nerve Tonic and Restorative.

A sustaining and life-giving element remarkable in its powers of curing and relieving all the Brain and Nervous affections, individually known as

Nervous Headache	Over-Sensitiveness	Moroseness	Despondency or
Insomnia or	Loss of Memory	Dizziness	Depression
Sleeplessness	Neuritis	Trembling	Morbid Forebodings
Mental Exhaustion	Neurasthenia	Restlessness	Irritability
Lassitude	Nervous Indigestion	Neuralgia	Nervous Palpitations
Vague Fears	Faintness	Nervous Debility	Inability to Concen-
St. Vitus' Dance	Melancholia	Hysteria	trate the Mind

And General Brain and Nerve Exhaustion.

Of All Chemists, Stores, etc., 9½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d.

FACSIMILE OF FREE BOTTLE.

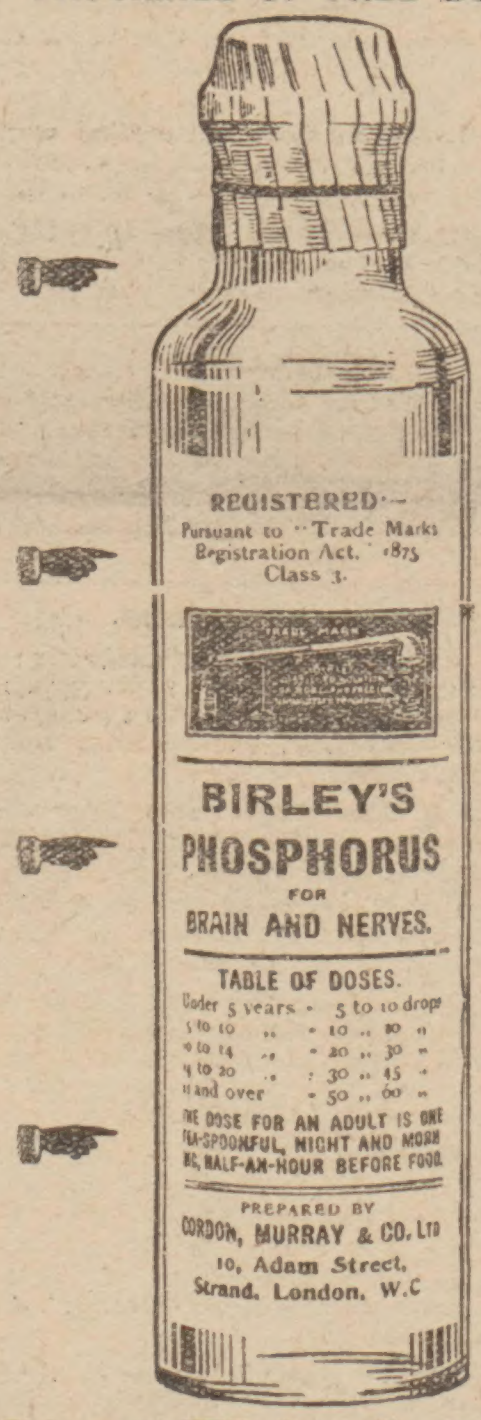
WHY THE BRAIN & NERVES NEED PHOSPHORUS.

It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus. Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.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5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
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THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
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THE REAL ACTION OF PHOSPHORUS IN THE SYSTEM.

The action of Phosphorus in the human system may be briefly stated as the element of activity in the brain and nervous system. As the muscular and bony structures require gelatine, fibrine, and earthy matter for their support and sustenance, so do the brain and nervous system need the one element — Phosphorus — for their renewal and preservation. If the expenditure of nervous force exceeds its normal amount, the store of Phosphorus is diminished, and until its deficiency is made good vital action languishes; the brain and the whole of the bodily organs act with a waning vigour.

One of the ugliest features of our complex civilisation is the alarming prevalence of what is styled "Nervous breakdown."

Its causes are only too well known; but only recently has the full import of the part Free Phosphorus plays come to be recognised. The habits, occupation, incessant worry, late hours, and unnatural modes of living, which seem to follow civilisation, have the effect of depleting the human system of its necessary supply of Phosphorus.

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